

Coollest Winter Sports

Disney

February 1996

Adventures

CONTEST!

GUEST STAR

ON THE

MASK

TV SHOW!

**Puzzles,
Comics
& More**



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02 >

BREAK TIME!

Fill in each row with a five-letter word. When you're done, read down the columns for a surprise.



TWO SIDES
OF A
BALL GAME



OPPOSITE OF BELOW



WHAT'S
SHOWN
HERE

OPPOSITE OF SOUR

Hey, when you're finished with these puzzles, give your brain a break and have a

Kit Kat bar. Crisp wafers in creamy chocolate. What's there to think about?

Find something whose name has "Kat" in it.

T	E	E	W	S
E	I	A	O	W
E	A	O	E	V
W	O	E	B	W
E	L	V	S	

ANSWER



Hello

It's freezing outside, but we're toasty warm in the D.A. offices. We're catching up on our reading and finding out all sorts of cool stuff, including these **wacky facts about all things cold:**

**Let it snow,
let it snow,
let it snow...**

- The largest snowfall in one 12-month period: 1,224 1/2 inches. (If that snow had fallen all at once, it would be piled higher than a 10-story building!)

**The great
wall of snow!**

**If you
live in
Wyoming,
Nebraska or
Colorado,
watch out! Hail
falls there more
often than anywhere
else in the United States.**

- The largest snowfall from a single snowstorm: 189 inches—or almost 16 feet of the cold stuff.

- The most snow to fall in a 24-hour period: 76 inches—that's almost as tall as Michael Jordan.

The **coldest place** in the world is Polus Nedostupnosti, Antarctica. Its annual average temperature is **-72 degrees Fahrenheit**. No wonder its name means Pole of Cold!

**Bundle up—and
ADVENTURE
On!**

Slick and slippery city streets...We're counting the days until spring!

Phyllis



Scholastic's

The Magic School Bus®

Explores the Human Body CD-ROM

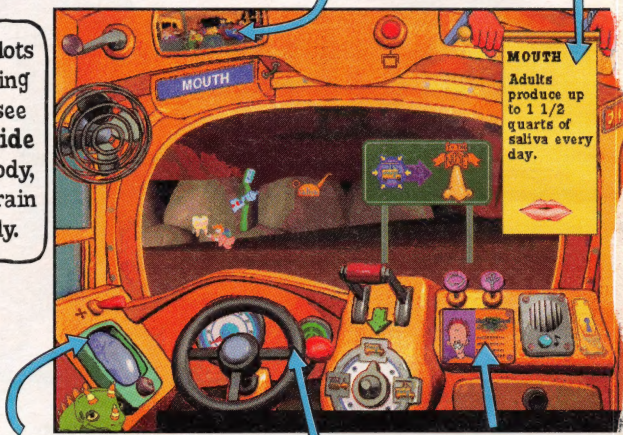
An interactive **IN-THE-BODY EXPERIENCE** that takes you **inside** Arnold's body, and lets you discover how to get **out**. Play 12 exciting games while you explore how the human body works with all your favorite Magic School Bus characters.

Click here to go to the back of the bus for lots of activities.

Click here to see more fascinating facts about the body.



There are lots of interesting things to see and do inside Arnold's body, from his brain to his belly.



MOUTH
Adults produce up to 1 1/2 quarts of saliva every day.

Click here to conduct a cool science experiment.

Click here to explore Arnold's insides, like his heart, lungs, kidneys and more!

Click here to create your own driver's license & print it out.

Fascinating Facts

Check out these cool body facts, they're just a small sample of what you'll discover on your interactive adventure inside the human body.

Can you tell which fascinating fact is not true?

Hold this page in front of a mirror to read the correct answer below.

#1

When you are full after a meal, your stomach has stretched as big as a balloon.



#2

When you sneeze, air travels out of your lungs at about 100mph.



#3

The size of your brain determines how smart you are.



nothing to do with how smart you are. The size of your brain has



Microsoft®

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ADVENTURE



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1996

Disney **Adventures**

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Lindsay Davidson
Subscriptions
(800) 829-5146
Outside the U.S.,
call (904) 445-4662
P.O. Box 420200
Palm Coast, FL 32142-0200
Advertising
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Tons of Fun.



Check local TV listings
for time and channel.

© Disney

Zip code.....

«Thanks!»

Your letters, photos
and comments.

Adventure On!



I loved your *Pocahontas* Personality Quiz. My personality is like John Smith's and Meeko's. I love going on adventures. My adventures seem to get me into trouble, but I always seem to get out of it. I've made friends with a big lion. (It wasn't tame.) I would like to go exploring in Africa.

JENNIFER GREENE, 12
VACAVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Catching Major Ground

I went to a place called Sunriver that has millions of different bike trails, on- and off-road. My friends and I found a totally cool half-pipe—I went too high on it and flew over my handlebars. I had a lot of fun crashing. (P.S.: I'm OK.)

RYAN FOLEY, 11
OREGON CITY, OREGON

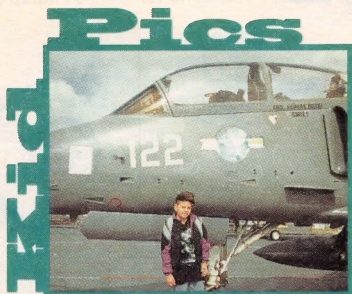
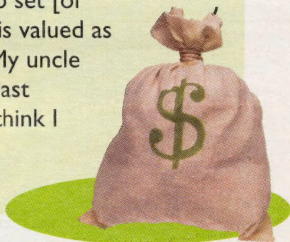


Great Goofy drawing by
ANGELA STATTER, 14,
from JACKSONVILLE,
NORTH CAROLINA!

Caps-o-Cash

I read the Caps-o-Rama article [July 1995] and was really surprised when I came to the part where it said, "Today, the 18-cap set [of Wayne Gretzky] is valued as high as \$5,500." My uncle gave me that set last summer! I really think I have a nice uncle.

**ANDY HEATH, 10
NANAIMO,
BRITISH COLUMBIA,
CANADA**



Just Plane Crazy

Guess what! I went on this really cool field trip to the USS Lexington. It's a big ship with a lot of aircraft on it—there were lots of airplanes and helicopters. I just love aircraft. My friend Alex was a real chicken when we were up in the top of the ship. This is me on the ship, next to an airplane.

**CARLOS LEAL, 12
WESLACO, TEXAS**

Need a Stamp?



I collect stamps as a hobby. My collection is growing fast, and right now I have about 900 stamps—from places like Rwanda, Equatorial Guinea, Philippines, India, China, Malaysia, Ukraine, Spain and Italy. I'm wondering, why don't they come out with stamps that honor D.A.?

**ILYA VEYGMAN, 10
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA**

Write to us! Send us your letters, photos or drawings, along with your age and phone number, to Zip Code, DISNEY ADVENTURES, P.O. Box 861, New York, NY 10113-0861. You can E-mail your letter to DAZip@AOL.COM. All materials sent become the property of DISNEY ADVENTURES, and all rights thereto are transferred to DISNEY ADVENTURES. They may be reprinted without compensation or acknowledgment and cannot be returned.

HOPE YOU'RE HUNGRY! WE'D LIKE TO STUFF YOUR LUNCH BOX WITH THESE SANDWICHES: MAYONNAISE



buzz

Info to go and
things to know!



slang

Extra!
Extra!

patrol

The kids at Public School 3 in West New York, New Jersey, are extra phat, so we let their Hot List leak right over into Slang Patrol!

Mad phat. In style. "Wanda's ring is mad phat!"

Roll out. Leave. "Hey! Roll out of our conversation!"

Busted. Ugly. "Mr. Burns is busted."

Word is born. Definitely. "Word is born! That party was a blast!"

Got that off. Did something unexpectedly well. "Did you see that shot? He got that off!"

Fly. Gorgeous. "That guy is fly!"

This month's school is kinda local. (The cold kept us from traveling far!) The eighth-grade social studies class at Public School 3 in West New York, New Jersey, says funky 'dos include "fades for boys and long, nonpoofy hair for girls." If they could be principal for a day, they'd "have a three-hour lunch, chew gum and sleep over in the gym!"



hot not

music

Method Man,
Montell Jordan,
The Notorious
B.I.G.

Guns N' Roses,
Hootie &
The Blowfish,
Janet Jackson

sports

volleyball,
basketball, baseball

bowling, golf,
pro wrestling

celebs

Keanu Reeves

Roseanne

food

fast food

cereal, PB and J,
whole milk, veggies

Wanna Be on TV?

Well, think of a topic that doesn't have a show devoted to it. That's what comic-book-obsessed **Nick Scoullar** did.

He's been collecting comics for about five years, and has almost 5,000 issues. Nick, 13, started a comics show on public-access TV almost two years ago and now co-hosts

"The Anti-Gravity Room," on the Sci-Fi Channel. D.A. talked to Nick about the show, which features comics, video games and animation.

D.A.: How did you end up on TV?

N.S.: I used to take a tape recorder and

tape my commentary on what comics came out every week. Then, I started getting into public access [local

TV shows anyone can host], just watching the shows. I found out someone like me could host a show and that it was free. I thought there should be a comics show, so I filled out some forms, and that was it.

D.A.: What's your favorite comic?

N.S.: Right now I've got a split decision between *Gen 13* and *Impulse*. I think I'm sticking

to the genre of teenagers trying to deal with having superpowers. It's always been a fantasy of mine to wake up one morning and find I have telekinesis.

D.A.: Have you created your own characters?

N.S.: I've got this character called M.S.G., a 17-year-old girl who can increase certain things, like the gravity around your head so it can implode. And I just created these two

characters named Brains and Brawn. They're two 17-year-old guys with superpowers.

D.A.: What would be your dream assignment?

N.S.: Tour the Image Comics studios in California and get Todd McFarlane [creator of *Spawn*] to teach me how to draw.

—Michelle Ernst

COOL COMICS KID

mine to wake up one morning and find I have

telekinesis.



February is...





FRENCH TOAST PROFILE



French Toast
Modeling Contest
Winner



NAME: Anthony Loglisci

AGE: 12

HOMETOWN: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

STRONGEST TALENT: Dreaming up cool things, then building them.

MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT: Mom kissing me goodbye in front of the guys.

LATEST ACHIEVEMENT: Constructing a life size racing car with my ERECTOR® set.

BEST EXPERIENCE: Meeting Mario Andretti.

WORST NIGHTMARE: Finding out I need braces.

GOAL IN LIFE: To win the Indy 500.

CLOTHES: French Toast.

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How to become the star of the next French Toast Profile.

You can become a French Toast Profile model (if you're 15 or younger & a U.S. or Canadian resident). No purchase necessary. 1,000 finalists for judging will be selected in a random drawing. To get a copy of the complete official rules please send a self addressed envelope to: Rules (Contest #4), Become a French Toast Model, P.O. Box 787, Gibbstown, NJ 08027.

FOUR GRAND PRIZES

Four winners will... 1) Become a French Toast model and be eligible to be featured in future French Toast Profile ads. 2) Receive a one year representation agreement with Wilhelmina Models. 3) Receive a Compaq Personal Computer. (ARV \$2,000) 4) Receive a family vacation for four to Jamaica's top vacation resort, The Half Moon Golf, Tennis, & Beach Club. (ARV \$7,000)



100 1st PRIZES

ERECTOR® construction toy from Meccano. (ARV \$25)

100 2nd PRIZES

Play Doh® Playset from Hasbro, Inc. (ARV \$15)

100 3rd PRIZES

Wilhelmina's World of Child Modeling Book. (ARV \$15)

100 4th PRIZES

The Magic School Bus® video from WarnerVision. (ARV \$13)

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

To enter please enclose entry form, (or copy of entry form), 2 photos of yourself (without a hat), and a descriptive profile utilizing the profile categories from the ad above. Send it to: Become a French Toast Model (Contest #4), P.O. Box 621, Gibbstown, NJ 08027. All entries must be received by June 15, 1997.

Name

Address

City/State Zip Code

Telephone Age

Size Height Weight Sex

Birth date Photo date Entry date

Clothes, footwear and accessories.
You don't eat 'em. You wear 'em.®





ticket

◀.....
**Your
Guide to
TV, Movies,
Music and
More**

**Puppy on a pedestal:
Wishbone as Odysseus.**



Make a Wishbone!

Wishbone the dog's got it made in the shade. Like Eddie on "Frasier" and Milo in *The Mask*, Wishbone's a Jack Russell terrier—one popular pooch. And dig this: As the star of his own TV show, "**Wishbone**," on PBS, he gets to leap into any adventure from any book he can think of—from exploring the wilds of Africa to rafting through

● ancient Greece. When we caught up with the cool canine, he was doing backflips, but he took a break to share a biscuit and answer a few questions.

D.A.: How did you get this part?

W.B.: More than 100 dogs were called in. My trainer, Jackie Kaptan, sent the producers my videotape, which shows

● commercials I've done and things like that. On the tape, I do my special trick—a backflip. They liked it so much, they called me in to audition and, well, they liked my personality, so I got the part.

D.A.: Do you do your own stunts?

W.B.: I have two stunt doubles, Phoebe and Slugger. Phoebe is a great

swimmer. Of course, I'm the only one who does the backflip.

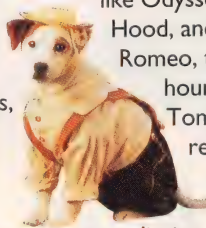
D.A.: How do you train for your roles?

W.B.: First, I like to get my paws on the book and find out as much as I can about the character I'm playing. After I chew on the words, I work with Jackie to get the right behavior for the role. For example, when I played Oliver Twist, I had to have an excellent "beg up" when I asked for more to eat. As Romeo, I had to learn to fetch a rose for Juliet. It takes five days to film one show. It's a demanding schedule, so I have to be a quick study.

D.A.: What's the most challenging role you've had to play on the show?

W.B.: In "The Prince and the Pooch," which is based on Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper*, I played both the prince and the pauper. It's an actor's dream to be able to show off his range like that.

D.A.: Is there a role that you're dying to play that you haven't had a chance to play so far?



W.B.: Not really. Because the show revolves around classic stories, I've gotten to sink my teeth into a huge variety of meaty roles. I've gotten to play everything from heroes like Odysseus and Robin Hood, and lovers like Romeo, to adventure hounds like Tom Sawyer. I really enjoy the variety—I just want to keep on digging up more stories.

D.A.: What's the goofiest thing you've had to wear in the show?

W.B.: In one episode, someone puts a bow on my head. I love to wear hats, but to me, a dog with a bow on his head is just, well, goofy. Unless you're a poodle.

D.A.: Have you ever met Eddie from "Frasier" or any other famous dogs, like Lassie or Beethoven?

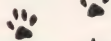
W.B.: I haven't met Eddie or Lassie or Beethoven, although I admire their work.

D.A.: What do you do for fun when you're not working?

W.B.: Besides eating? I usually hang out with Phoebe and Slugger. We're homebodies. We play a little sock, bat around the squeak toys, just regular dog stuff. On the weekends, we go to the park and play catch. Phoebe is teaching me to swim.

D.A.: Can we have your autograph?

W.B.: Sure.



—Amy Reiter



Stand back, JTT. It's Wishbone as Tom Sawyer (above) and with his co-stars (clockwise, from left) Jordan Wall, Adam Springfield, Angee Hughes, Mary Chris Wall and Christie Abbott.

Go, Gulliver!

Meet the ultimate traveling man: Gulliver! **Ted Danson** ("Cheers") plays Lemuel Gulliver, an 18th-century Englishman

who seems to have become a giant when he visits the tiny land of Lilliput and the teeny Lilliputians. Then he feels what it's

to the other places Gulliver visits: the flying island with hilarious Laputans or the land of talking horses and human beasts of burden, called



Ted Danson's all tied up as Gulliver.

who is lost at sea and travels to strange lands in "Gulliver's Travels," a miniseries airing in February. First, Gulliver

like to be shrunk when he sets foot on Brobdingnag, the land of giants—ho, ho, ho. But that's nothing compared

to Yahoos. Sounds like fun, but we're not renewing our passports yet—we'd rather just watch it on TV.



Hey, have you heard about the Furry Four?

Ah, you don't know what you're missing. Let D.A. "help" you out! **Bugs**

Bunny and friends have "been working like a dog" ever since they decided to "come together" and sing their favorite Beatles tunes! Their new CD, "Bugs & Friends Sing the Beatles" features

your fave Looney Tunes buds—**Bugs, Daffy Duck, Elmer Fudd** and the **Tazmanian Devil**—singing great Beatles songs, like "She Loves You," "Yesterday" and "The Long and Winding Road." D.A.'s pick? Elmer Fudd crooning "Wid a Widdle Help Fwom My Fwriends" ("With a Little Help



From My Friends"). Even the liner notes are fun, explaining how the Furry Four began on Half-Penny Lane in Littlepool. You'll find this CD in D.A.'s boom box whenever we're having a "hard day's night!"



Groovy tunes and happenin' hair: The Bugs meets the Beatles.

D.A.'s Favorite Fat Feline

Garfield

celebrates his 18th birthday this year. He looks pretty good for a fat

cat, huh? That's 'cause he stays really busy—he can be seen in more than 2,500 newspapers each day, and he's the star of books, a TV show and his own video game for the Sega Genesis. What makes this cat so popular? D.A. asked his creator, **Jim Davis**, to talk about this not-so-purrfect cat.

D.A.: Why is Garfield so popular?

J.D.: Garfield deals with the basic things in life. He eats and he sleeps. Everyone can identify with that. People all over the world also love cats, and Garfield is loved by people of all ages.


D.A.: Where did you get the idea for Garfield?

J.D.: I worked for years on other comic strips and I wanted to create one of my own. I saw how dogs, like Snoopy,

were popular in comics, and I figured a cat could be popular as well. Having grown up on a farm and knowing cats, I created Garfield.

D.A.: Is Garfield's personality based on

Odie in real life?

J.D.: Odie is loosely based on a guy from my hometown in Indiana who was sort of a bum. He was friendly and everyone in town knew him. 

THIS MAGAZINE
CRACKS ME UP

anyone you know?

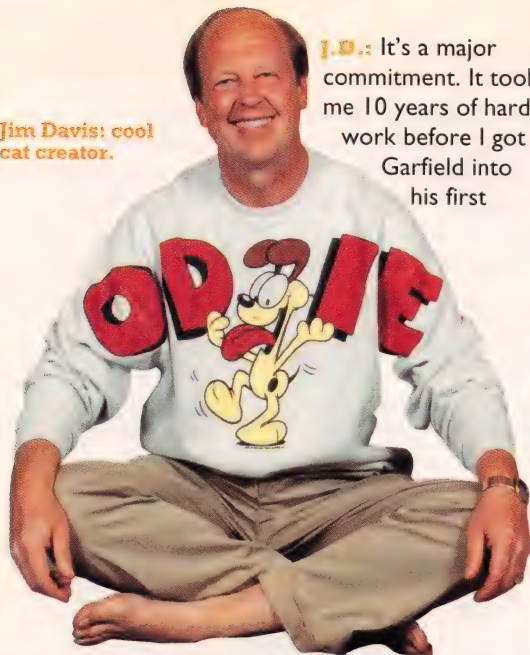
J.D.: He is loosely based on my grandfather, James Garfield Davis. He was lovable, but he had an attitude. When I was growing up, I had many cats and each had its own personality, so I gave Garfield a unique personality.

D.A.: Do you have a friend like

Sure, Garfield's kinda lazy, but he's got great taste!



Jim Davis: cool cat creator.



J.D.: It's a major commitment. It took me 10 years of hard work before I got Garfield into his first

● very well and have a good education, including college. I also read a lot. In school, I learned how to draw realistic things before I really focused on cartoons.

D.A.: If Garfield and Simba were to face off in a karaoke contest, what would Garfield sing and who would win?

J.D.: Hmmm, that's a tough one. Garfield would definitely win, because he's a show-off who loves to perform. He would probably sing "Anything You Can Do," from the Broadway show "Annie Get Your Gun."

—Jason R. Rich

D.A.: What plans do you have for Garfield in the future?

J.D.: I think it would be fun to do a stage play and a movie starring Garfield.

D.A.: Did you study in school in order to become a cartoonist?

J.D.: Yes. I studied in high school and in college. Growing up, I loved to doodle and observe life in general. I like to draw cartoons and make people laugh with my drawings.

D.A.: Do you have advice for people who want to be cartoonists like you?

newspaper 18 years ago. There is a lot of competition, so you have to be able to draw

FAT-CAT FACTS

Birthday: June 19, 1978

Birthplace: Mama Leone's kitchen

Favorite sport: A brisk nap

Confidant: His teddy bear, Pooky

Best friend: His mirror

Favorite food: Lasagna

Favorite place to hide: The cookie jar

Hobbies: Eating and sleeping: "There may be more to life, but I hope not."

Favorite trait: Laziness: "Some call it laziness. I call it deep thought."

Dislikes: Spiders, the mailman, diets: "'Diet' is die with a t."



**These
guys are
bringing
down the
house!**



Don't miss Home Improvement!
TUESDAYS 9/8c



MASK

-a-

Raid

D.A. scored a raid on "The Mask"—it was a masquerade, get it? **We** slipped on some masks and secretly met the two main men behind the **TV show.**

The Mask began as a doodle from **Mike Richardson's** pen. After many years and help from some key people, The Mask appeared in the comic *Dark Horse Presents*, in 1987. And in 1994, he hit it big: Jim Carrey took that green-faced, motor-mouthed masked marvel and made him internationally famous. Mike, the president of Dark Horse Comics and Dark Horse Entertainment, and the owner of nine comic-book stores, left the comics world for a few minutes to chat.

D.A.: How did you get the idea for The Mask?

M.R.: When I had my first store, I'd write down story ideas and draw little characters, and one was The Mask. He was black and white and sort of orangey. Years later, artist Chris Warner made him green. My original idea was for The Mask to be a cross between The Joker and The Creeper, and a little more vengeful. He'd put on this mask and go out and fight crime.

D.A.: Do you own any masks?

M.R.: Yes, I have a few Japanese masks. I have the Japanese God of Mischief mask in my office.

By Liz Smith

D.A.: If you were stuck on a desert island, which comics character would you want with you?

M.R.: The Green Lantern. He has the magic ring that can do anything. I could have anything I needed forever.

D.A.: What are your upcoming projects?

M.R.: *Adventures of The Mask*, a new comic based on the TV show, hits comic-book shops on January 30. And I'm making the movie *The Green Hornet*, with George Clooney ("ER") as the Hornet.

D.A.: Any secrets about *The Mask*?

M.R.: It's like Aladdin's lamp—an item that gives absolute power. But does it bring the wearer happiness? No. The person has to be happy on his own.

When

D.A. called **Duane Capizzi**, the writer and story editor for "The Mask," he had to change his hat. See, Duane is also the writer and story editor for the "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" TV show, and that's what he was working on when we called. So, after he traded his "Ace" hat for his green "Mask" hat, we grilled him about his job.

D.A.: How did you prepare for your job as writer of "The Mask" TV show?

D.C.: I watched the movie about 10 times, to learn the nooks and crannies of the character. And I went back to the comic book, where *The Mask* started, to delve into *The Mask*'s history. We tried to stay true to the

characters, but have them grow. With the new Stanley, we wanted as much comedy as possible. He's the underdog, like a comical Jekyll and Hyde.

D.A.: Which of your villains would you love to see in the movie *The Mask 2*?

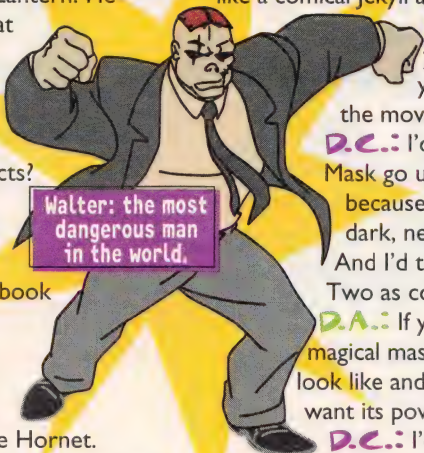
D.C.: I'd love to see *The Mask* go up against Walter, because he's such a big, dark, nefarious villain. And I'd throw in Terrible Two as comic relief.

D.A.: If you could own a magical mask, what would it look like and what would you want its powers to be?

D.C.: I'd want it to be a slightly handsomer version of me—not that I'm bad looking! And it would help me write my scripts faster!

D.A.: Would you like to do a crossover show with "The Mask" and "Ace"?

D.C.: Oh, definitely! And I know exactly what it'd be: Milo is missing and Ace has to find him!



The Many Faces of The MASK

Somebody stop him!

In each episode of "The Mask," The Mask **transforms** into about a dozen characters. (We tried to count 'em all one day, but our heads started spinning and we had to lie down.) Here are a few of his smokin' transformations:

**The
Mask as...**



...a chef: What's cookin', good lookin'?



...a couch potato: Television is his life. *Burp.*



...Clint Eastwood: Go ahead, make his day.



...a biker: Born to be wild.



...a samurai warrior: This sword is smokin'!



...a sumo wrestler: He's big, he's strong, he can eat all the chips and dip he wants.



...a Texan: Howdy, pardner! Let's rustle up some green chili!



Contest!

Put On The MASK

When Stanley Ipkiss

puts on The Mask, he can turn into anything from a cowboy to a ninja to a knight in shining armor. So we wanted to know—what would you turn into if you put on **The Mask?**



Tell us who or what you'd be and why, in 100 words or less, and you could win our **Put-On-The-Mask Contest.**

If you win, you'll get:

- a **guest appearance** on **"The Mask"** cartoon. That's right—you'll be drawn into the cartoon! Plus, you and a guest will be flown to Los Angeles, California, for a special VIP meeting with the show's producers and a visit to the studio to record your lines for the show.
- an **animated cel** from the show, featuring your cameo appearance.

Enter now!

Remember:

- You have to think up and write the description yourself.
- Your description should be no longer than 100 words.
- Your submission must be postmarked no later than February 12, 1996.
- You have to be at least 7 years old but not more than 14 years old as of February 12, 1996.
- Fill out the entry form completely and staple it to the upper-right corner of your description!
- Keep a copy of your description. We can't return the one you send to us.

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Entry Form



Mail to:
Put-On-The-Mask Contest
DISNEY ADVENTURES
P.O. Box 863
New York, NY 10113-0863

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip Code** _____

Area Code _____ **Phone Number** _____

Birth Date: **Month** _____ **Day** _____ **Year** _____

This description is my original creation. I did not copy it from anywhere, and I didn't have any help creating it. I know that, once submitted, my description becomes the property of Disney Magazine Publishing, Inc. and may be reprinted without further consent or compensation.

Your signature _____

One of your parents' signatures _____

Date _____

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Put-On-The-Mask Contest OFFICIAL RULES

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. HOW TO ENTER: Staple the completed official entry form, or a 3" x 5" card, containing your full name, address (including city, state, province, zip code or mail code), date of birth and daytime phone number (with area code), to the upper right corner of your entry, and mail it, postage prepaid, to DISNEY ADVENTURES/Put-On-The-Mask Contest, P. O. Box 863, New York, NY 10113-0863, postmarked by February 12, 1996. Mechanically reproduced entry forms are acceptable. The entry must be an original work. Winner will be chosen on the basis of creativity and originality. **2. ENTRY LIMITATIONS:** Only one entry per person. Open only to children between 7 and 14, as of February 12, 1996, who are residents of the United States and Canada (except Quebec) and not employees of Disney Magazine Publishing, Inc., its parent or affiliated companies, or members of their families. Not responsible for stolen, incomplete, lost, illegible, misdirected, late entries or mail, or postage-due mail. **3. RESERVATIONS:** Void in Quebec and where prohibited by law. Subject to all federal, state, provincial and local laws and regulations. All entries become the sponsor's property and will not be returned. By entering this contest each entrant agrees to be bound by these rules and the decisions of the judges, and the winner consents to the use of name/likeness for advertising, trade and promotional purposes without further compensation, except where prohibited by law. Not responsible for damages, losses or injury resulting from acceptance/use of the prize. **4. WINNER:** Will be notified by mail on or about March 5, 1996. The failure of potential winner's parents/legal guardians to verify address and execute and return an Affidavit of Eligibility/Release within 10 days from the date of notification will result in disqualification and the selection of an alternate winner. In the event of non-compliance with rules and conditions, prize may be awarded to an alternate winner. Travel companion of winner will be required to execute a liability release. All taxes are the sole responsibility of the winner's parents/legal guardians. For the name of winner (after February 26, 1996) and/or contest rules, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to DISNEY ADVENTURES/Put-On-The-Mask Contest Winner, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011-5690. Washington and Vermont residents may omit the return postage. **5. PROCEDURES:** Contest begins on January 9, 1996 and ends on February 12, 1996. Prize will be awarded on or about March 5, 1996. The magazine's editors will serve as judges, whose decisions will be final. Odds of winning depend on the number of eligible entries received and the quality of the entries. **6. PRIZE:** One (1) winner will be drawn into "The Mask" cartoon; will receive a 3-day/2-night trip for two (2) persons to the set of "The Mask" in Los Angeles, CA, including round-trip coach air transportation to/from the major airport closest to winner's home, hotel accommodations (1 room), and \$500 spending money; and will receive an animated cel from the show. All expenses not mentioned are not included and are the responsibility of the winner. Travel dates are subject to availability, and winner agrees to travel on the dates specified by sponsor. (Approximate retail value: \$2,000.00). Prize is not redeemable for cash or transferable and no substitution is allowed except at the sole discretion of the sponsor, who may substitute a prize of equal or greater value. The prize will be awarded.

Step aside, Jim Carrey. Putting on a mask to get special powers is nothing new. Through the ages, people have worn masks hoping to cure illnesses, ensure good hunting, and attract friendly spirits. Even today, masks still show up in sports and the movies. Take a look!

Mask

BY
CAROLE R. SIMMONS



1 In the *Star Wars* movies, the villainous Darth Vader wore a black helmet with a mask. This wasn't just intergalactic fashion. In his past, Darth Vader fried when he fell into a pit of molten lava. The mask and the rest of his body armor held life-support equipment that kept him alive.



2 In Mexico, all wrestlers wear masks for that meaner-than-mean look. One wrestler has so many disguises, he's known as the Man of a Thousand Masks. Another wrestler, the Jaguar, wears a shaggy mask that has its own tail. And El Santo (the Saint) is so into the sport that he even wears his masks in the shower!

3 Football players who want the latest gridiron



look sometimes attach tinted-plastic eye shields inside their helmets. This cuts down on glare and keeps the player from getting poked in the eye.

4 Hockey goalies decorate their masks to make them look cool—and maybe even to frighten their opponents. Just check out the wild look of the Florida Panthers' John Vanbiesbrouck and the

Madness



San Jose Sharks' Wade Flaherty (shown here).

5 Iroquois Indians carve "healing" masks into the trunks of living trees. When the mask is finally cut away from the tree, it's said to cure illnesses. Anyone who has been made well by the masks becomes a member of the Iroquois' False Face Society, which makes and guards the sacred masks.

6 Some Eskimos used to wear masks on their

hunting trips. They believed that the masks, which were carved from driftwood to look like the animals the Eskimos were hunting, honored the animals' spirits. Eskimos believed this kept the animals from becoming angry or frightened by the hunting parties.

7 The ancient Greeks wore masks when they put on plays. The masks made it easier for the audience members to follow the stories, since

theaters were so large they often couldn't see the actors' expressions. Also, the masks had built-in amplifiers to carry the actors' voices over a great distance. Today, theater is still represented by the masks of comedy and tragedy.

8 People wear masks today to celebrate holidays such as Halloween and Mardi Gras. Why? You can pretend to be someone else—and have a blast!

ADVERTISEMENT

And they said it couldn't be done.*

* { *"They" being all those bone-head, pencil-necked, I-guess-you're-not-as-smart-as-you-look techno geeks who said there's no way to get next-gen graphics, humongous characters, and a mind-blowing variety of game play all on a 16-bit system. Well, maybe "they" should try this on for size.* }



For Sega™ Genesis™ and Super NES®.





MR.
ADVENTURE

Goes **DAREDEVIL**

Sliding

By
Sean Plottner

Have you ever dreamed of the thrill of



victory only to meet the agony of defeat? Winter Olympians know the story. You have to be part daredevil, part athlete to tackle something like the icy Olympic track at Lake Placid, New York. I learned the hard way, of course, by slip-sliding down the twisting course on a variety of sleds. Hang on—it's like a superslick water-slide, and we'll max out at about 75 miles per hour!

Nothing to Luge

First things first. If you want to luge, here's what it takes:

A sled: A luge consists of a piece of leather stretched between two metal runners. You lie back on the leather, point your toes forward and rest your arms at your sides. Tilt your head up just enough to see, and you're ready to luge. Steer by pressing down your legs: the right leg to turn left, the left leg to turn right.

A track: Lake Placid's Olympic track looks like a huge water-slide snaking down a snowy mountainside. But forget about water, this 1,000-meter baby is iced

"Lie back and relax," the ice tech said with a huge smile. "Just like you're in a coffin."



and has 14 turns with names like “Labyrinth” and “Hog Pen.” I started at turn 8 and slid the last half of the track, which was used in the 1980 Games.

A slick outfit: I donned a helmet, gloves and a skintight speed-suit to maximize speed. It took me about 15 minutes to squeeze into this getup—but hey, at least I looked Olympian.

An Olympic trainer: Luger Cammy Myler was on hand to show me the ropes. “The key,” she told me, “is to relax.” Easy for her to say: Cammy has been luging for 15 years and competed in the last three Winter Olympics, but she’s also been to a few hospitals with shoulder injuries.

Ice technicians: These guys take care of the course, announce your run, release your luge at the start, and, of course, assist you when you crash.

No 81s or 82s: An “81” is a crash. An “82” is a serious crash....We don’t want either one.



track, holding the front of my luge. Once he let go, there would be no stopping.

What a stretch: It’s called a speed suit, but there was nothing fast about putting it on. However, the curvy track was anything but slow.

I stepped onto the track and sat on my luge. The weird sled started slipping instantly, its steel runners ready to fling me down the course. The only thing between me and an instant takeoff into the unknown was the ice technician standing over the

A crackly loudspeaker blared. Shivering in the 15-below-zero cold, I suddenly realized my name was being announced.

“Lie back and relax,” the ice tech said with a huge smile. “Just like you’re in a coffin.” He let go,

Headed for the Hog Pen, stopping was not an option.



and I was off.

Slowly at first, then faster. The announcer monitored my progress: *"Through the Labyrinth...he's in the Hog Pen."*

I resisted lifting my head, which could lead to an 81. I tried to steer a little, and it worked. Too well. Before I knew it, I was clang-clang-clang from side to side, bumping against the sides of the track instead of smoothly cruising down the middle. I had a little problem. It was called oversteering, and it showed that to win at lugging, it helps to

know what you're doing. But I finished, making it through five turns at a speed of about 30 miles per hour.

"Finish time: 42:58." Sounded good to me, until I learned that the track record is 42.3 seconds. And I'd only slid *half* of it. The pros go much faster because the top portion of their run is awfully steep.

I headed back up and slid three more times, each one a unique experience. My best time came after Cammy's mom whispered a secret in my ear: "Don't steer." I nailed a great run at 37:94.

But on another run, I heard some ugly words over the loudspeaker: *"Eighty-one!"*



Slider on the track!" I'd fallen off my luge and was doing a major belly-slide through the Hog Pen.

Then I looked to my left side and couldn't believe what I saw: my lonely luge, still racing down the track! I rolled back onto it, just in time to hit the finish curve. Whew! My time was terrible, but who cared? It was my first wipeout. Cool!

After one more crash, I called it quits.

Examining my injuries—bruised elbow, sore hand, bleeding ankle and sagging confidence—I retired from lugging. In four runs, I'd seen it all—the thrills, the agonies...the 81s. I was lugged out.

Bobsleds, with up to four people on board, go way faster.

I cruised the mile bobsled run two times as part of a four-man bob team (see *Fantastic Four*, page 34). It's a terrifying blast to hunch over in one of those rattling, metal

torpedoes as it shoots like a bullet down the track at 75 mph. The bob run has curves more wicked than the luge run, including two darlings called "Zig" and "Zag." They twist into an intensely sharp left-right combination that jerks you around like a washing machine.

Those tight curves and high speeds create some mighty g's (these are the strong, pulling force of gravity on you as you increase speed). On a bobsled, hard g's turn your neck into a bouncy spring and jerk your head violently. If you smack your face into the back of the driver's helmet, it's

doomsday: You break your nose. He loses the ability to steer. And the whole sled...well, it's time again for that ugly number, 81.

The night before my run, I watched some bob pros compete. You can see only part of the long track at any one time, so I just listened for the sound of thunder rumbling down the hill. In a

**Is it a good idea
to bobsled
without a
helmet?
NO way!**



Cool Runnings

My next event was the bobsled. There's only one way to describe bobsledding: *Cowabunga!*

The event takes place on a mile-long track that's narrower than the luge course. You ride in a bobsled, so it looks safer than the luge. But it's not.



flash, a bobsled appeared, shooting sparks as it scraped against the track walls. Seconds later, it was gone.

One team flipped over in the final curve and finished the run upside down, on their heads. An ambulance carted them away, but no one was hurt too badly—they wore helmets. I just stood there, thinking, *Do I really want to do this?*

The next morning as I drove into the course area, another ambulance tore by me. I followed it into the Olympic center,

wondering if I might be better off wearing a suit of armor for my ride. Instead, I just threw on a helmet and gloves like everybody else and headed up the hill to the start.

I was the second middleman, and our first middleman was Mike. Joe, our team driver, and Mark, our brakeman, had both ridden the track

**In just seconds,
I zipped through
Shady, where the
g's were killer.**

thousands of times, so I felt safe. "Keep your head back and hunch your shoulders like you're a turtle trying to hide its head," Joe said of our impending ride.

"That way, the g's won't whip your neck around as much." *I can do that*, I thought.

Bobsledders usually push their sled at the start bell and jump in one by one. But our team just hopped in, got situated with all our legs and arms

in the sled, and got a push start. The loudspeaker came on:

"Ladies and gentleman, now on the mile bob run, the Disney Adventures Express!"

I did the turtle, and we were off. We went through a meandering section at the top of the track, quickly gaining speed. We bounced off the side walls harmlessly, and then we hit "Shady" at full speed. *"They're in Shady..."* Shady is a

humongous curve halfway down. It's a huge wall, and we took it high. Our bobsled seemed like it was on its side, but our speed kept us glued to the track. My neck jerked harshly to the left. Next thing I knew, the 4 g's had

my shoulder in my ear. I couldn't move at all until we emerged from Shady. The curve took only a second or two, but it was brutal.

We tore through a long straightaway and some small curves.

"These are the toughest part of the track," Joe had told me earlier. "On the big ones, like Shady and Zig-Zag, you have a lot of room to

Here's how the members of our four-person bobsled, the Disney Adventures Express, squeezed in:

Driver Sits in front and steers. He's responsible for the three other riders and must know every inch of the track.

First middleman Sits behind the driver. Helps push at start (all four riders do) and then hops on board, tucks down and goes for a ride.

Second Middleman Sits behind first middleman. Both middlemen are simply baggage on board, although they have to do the turtle.

Brakeman Sits in rear and applies brakes only after crossing finish line. At that point the bobsled heads uphill as brakeman lifts a lever that causes metal teeth to dig into the ice and stop the sled.



correct your mistakes. But you only have one chance to zip through the small ones."

"The D.A. Express comes through turn 11." I tried to get a glimpse of the spectator's standing at the track's edge, but all I saw were blurs. So I focused on doing that turtle, listening to the whooshing and scraping of our sled, and gripping the metal handholds with all my might. It was herky-jerky, bone-rattling craziness. Then came the absolute madness of Zig and Zag.

"They're ziggin'....They're zaggin'." In the time it took for the announcer to say that, we were through them. They felt like two linebackers hitting you from either side almost simultaneously. We kept smokin'. It was nothing as comfortable,

predictable or secure as a roller coaster. My head bounced slightly into the first middleman a couple of times, but I didn't lose control. We tore down another straightaway, through the finish curve and on up the finish hill. Mark "dusted" us: He pulled up the brake handle, and metal teeth bit into the ice, stopping us.

We jumped out of the sled and excitedly talked about our run. We'd covered the mile in a blistering 61 seconds, just 7 seconds off the four-man bob record.

"Another ride?" asked Joe, after telling a funny story about once having crashed three times in a day.

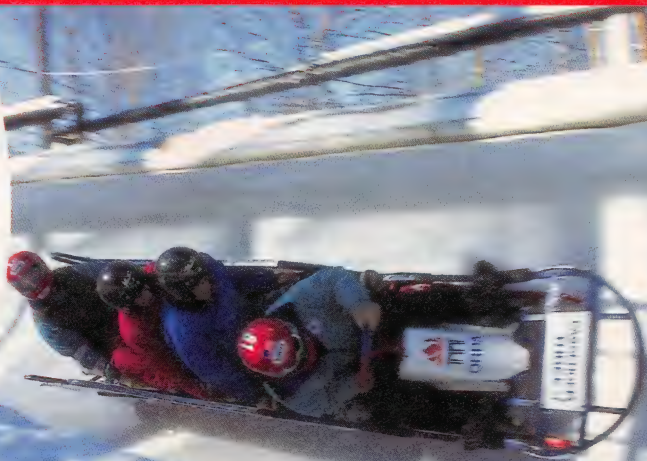
"Absolutely," we all agreed. We headed up for another go, my bones still rattling. I knew I'd be sore for days, but I had just one thought: *Cowabunga!*

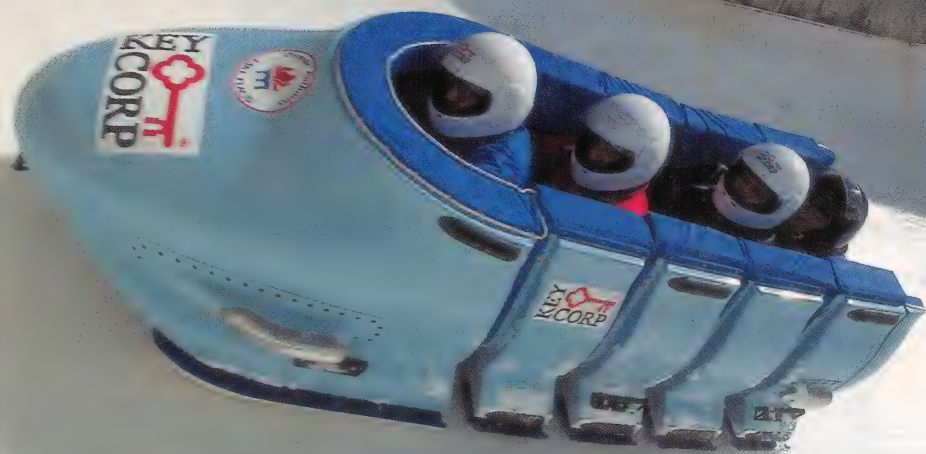
Junior Sliders

If you want to learn how to luge, well, go to school!

At the National Sports Academy in Lake Placid, New York, students attend regular high school classes, but they also train in Winter Olympics sports. NSA students train in all sorts of skiing, snowboarding, skating and luge events. Talk about student-athletes: Six graduates competed in the 1994 Games. For more info, call (518) 523-3460. If you prefer to be a recreational slider, Lake Placid offers luge and bob rides to the public—even in the summer. Call (800) 462-6236 for more info.

Whether I was in this unusual, Open bobsled or a normal one, I just held on and felt bone-rattling speed all the way down.





Padded Bathtub

You won't find my next event at any Olympics. But it's good, wild fun.

It's called the Ice Rocket. Think of a huge tub with high sides resting on several sled runners and lined with thick padding. Think of yourself inside this tub with three other people. You can't see or hear well, and you certainly can't steer or brake.

Put on a helmet and you're ready for the Ice Rocket. It's a bizarre contraption invented in France that you can ride down a luge or bobsled run. No steering means you just bounce off the track walls the entire way down. And inside the Rocket,

more affectionately referred to by the ice techies as the "padded bathtub," you simply bounce into the padded

I got the front seat, but I didn't see much!

sides—and your fellow passengers—the whole way down.

Caterpillarlike sections in the Rocket enable it to snake around turns.

I jumped in with three big guys. The weight made us tear down the luge track at 65 mph. As we thumped and bumped our way down, I laughed so hard that my eyes watered. If you have to spend winter outside in a bathtub, this is the place to be.

So we did it again, of course.



Totally Toboggan

I wrapped up my mini Olympics with a few crazy trips down an old toboggan run. At last, a sled I was already familiar with! Starting 30 feet over Lake Mirror, I tore down the chute with another passenger and onto the frozen lake. Our momentum took us nearly 300 yards across the lake—the length of three football fields. We made six runs and even rode backward twice. We finished by smashing into a big snowbank.

Was it scary? Nope.
Was it fun? Absolutely.



weird yet true



Sole Survivor

If you were lost in the woods and **starving**, you might want to **chew** on your **shoes**.

Leather has enough **nutritional** value to keep you going for a little while—at least until you can get to the nearest **fast-food** joint.

Bug Out

On one **square mile** of rural land, there are more **insects** than there are **human beings** on the entire earth.

It's impossible to sneeze

It's against the law...*

...to **whistle underwater**
in Vermont.

...to **catch mice** in Cleveland, Ohio,
without a hunting license.

...to **bathe** more than once a week in
Boston, Massachusetts.

...to **tie a giraffe** to a telephone pole in Atlanta, Georgia.

*These are **real laws** from the **past** or **present**.

Pace Yourself

The average American walks

92,375 miles in a

lifetime.

That's like hoofing it

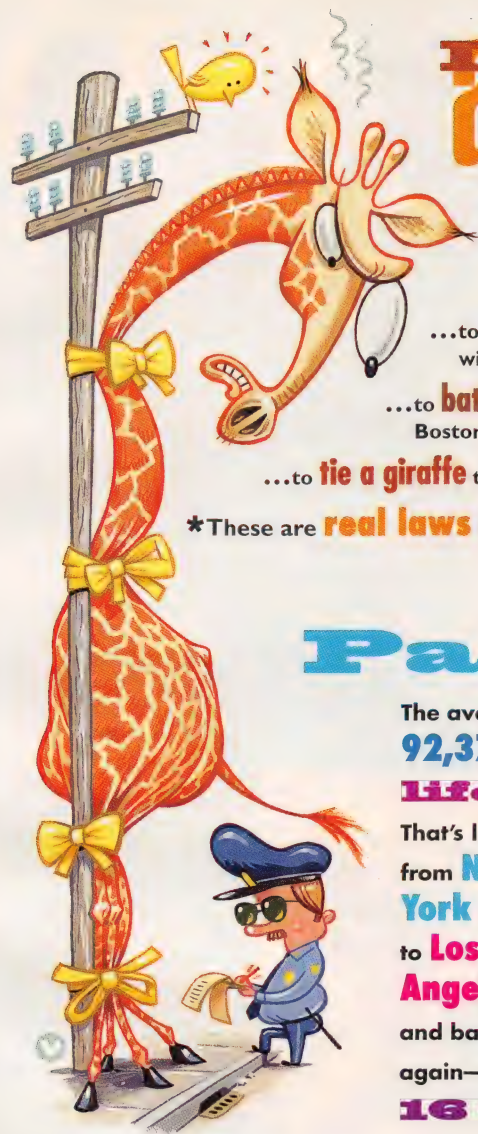
from **New
York City**

to **Los
Angeles**

and back

again—more than

16 times.

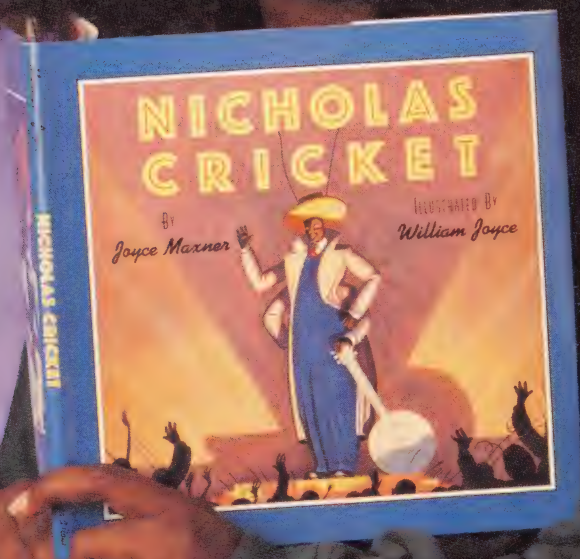


with your eyes

open.

READ

Whoopi Goldberg
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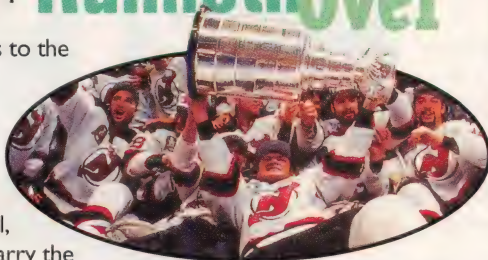
SNOW Business

Winter is a hot sports season—just check out some of the great cool-weather fun in our special salute to winter sports!

The Cup

Runneth over

The **Stanley Cup** is the gigantic trophy that goes to the winner of the National Hockey League championship. It's big enough (nearly 3 feet tall, 32 pounds) to carry the names of all 104 teams that have won the championship since 1893. But it's getting crowded at the top: In 1992, officials had to add another silver tier to the trophy to make room for the champion



Last year's champs, the New Jersey Devils, hoist the Cup. Pittsburgh Penguins. And by 2005, the Cup will run out of space for the winners. Maybe they should just build a Stanley Barrel!

Snowboard Speak

Twin-Tip: A type of snowboard in which both the tip and tail of the board are the same shape. It's the best board for freestyle riding.

Reported by:

Deborah Barnes, John Cade,
Christine Donnelly and
Doug Palladini

Dog Days of Winter



Cross

inline skates with skis and you get Sled Dogs. These supershort skis let you do tricks your buddies can only gawk at: jump ("fetch air"), spin ("chase your tail"), skate backward ("tail-first") and, of course, wipe out ("play dead"). Packed snow works best for riding your Dogs. Rentals are available at some ski parks. Ski Rio in New Mexico even has an obstacle course with ramps, walls, stairs, and instructors called—you guessed it—guide dogs. For more info call (800) **SKATE-ON.**

The fastest speed ever reached on skis is **139.03 miles per hour**, more than twice as fast as an average **Olympic skier.**



All-Star on the Ice

When **Luc Robitaille** was growing up in Montreal, Canada, all he wanted to do was play hockey. Now the New York Ranger known as Lucky to his teammates is an NHL star! He's played in seven All-Star Games and holds the NHL season record for most goals (63) and points (125) scored by a left wing.

On His First Hockey Game

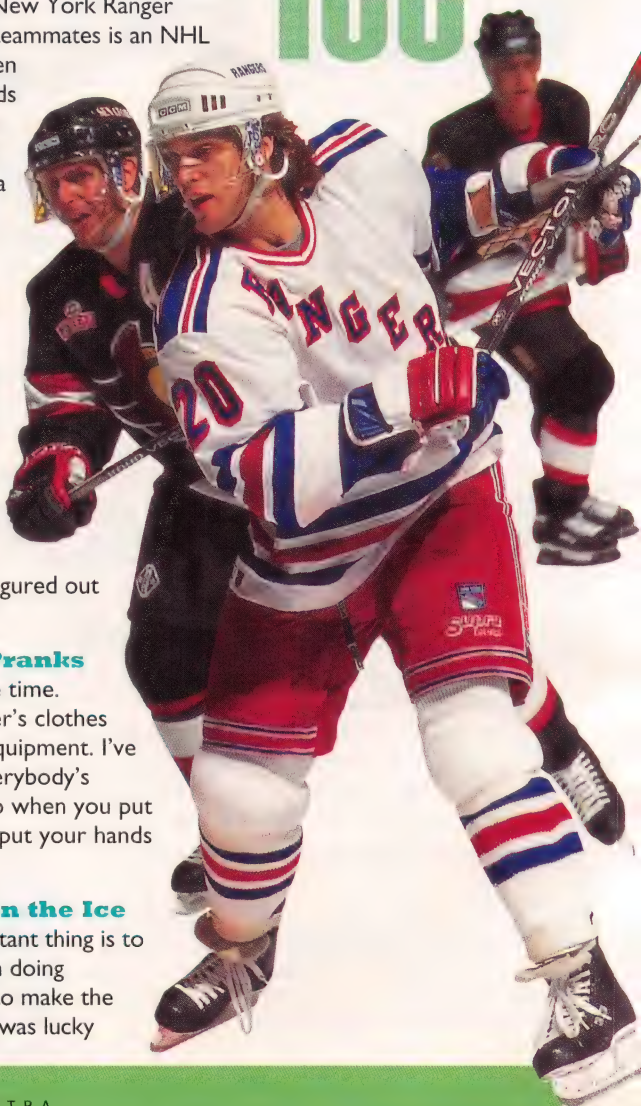
"I was 5 years old, and my dad used to come in and tie everybody's skates before the game. It was my first or second game, and he tied my skates on the wrong feet. I got out on the ice and played half the game before I figured out something was wrong!"

On Big-League Pranks

"We play pranks all the time. Guys will cut each other's clothes or put things in their equipment. I've even seen guys sew everybody's jerseys [at the wrist] so when you put your arms in you can't put your hands through."

On Staying Hot on the Ice

"I think the most important thing is to have fun. If you have fun doing something, you'll want to make the sacrifices. I had fun and was lucky



enough to make it. Just try hard and have fun, and good things will happen."

On His Most Memorable Moments

"The first was making it to the NHL—that was a thrill. The second was going to the Stanley Cup Finals in 1993 with the Los Angeles Kings. We didn't win, and that was disappointing, but I hope I'll get another chance." —Kim Lockhart

Luc told D.A. his secret: "I just love to play."

Puck Talk

Deke: To fake a hockey shot.

That

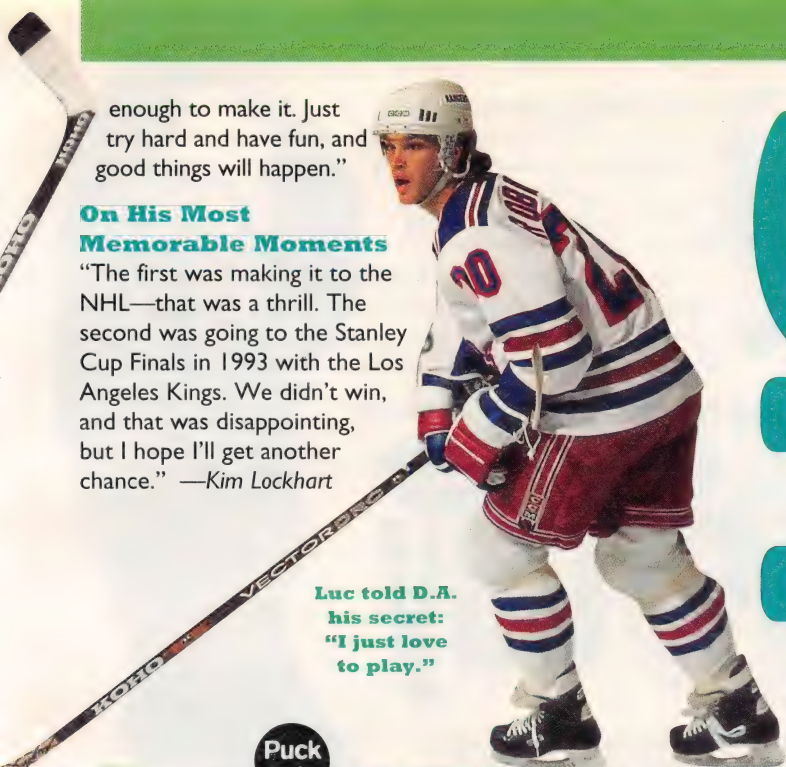
Winning

Scoring on Penalty Shots and Breakaways

"The thing to do is never put the puck in front of you," Luc says. "I hold it to the side with my stick, so the goalie doesn't know if I'm going to shoot or deke. It's a game of patience: You know what you're going to do with the puck, but he doesn't—and he's really nervous. So if you just hang on until the last possible second, most of the time, he'll move first. Then you can shoot the opposite way and hit the empty side of the net for a goal."

Throwing Checks

"Always keep your stick and elbows down. Then hit the player with your shoulder. Make sure you push with your legs so you don't get hurt."



Brian Boitano lives in San Francisco, California. He started skating when he was 8, and went on to win a gold medal in the 1988 Olympics and an Emmy for his production of "Carmen on Ice" on TV. After watching him rehearse in New York City at Madison Square Garden, I had a chance to talk to him.

By Junior Reporter Alex Kamin

Ice Guy



Alex Kamin with Brian Boitano

A.K.: How do you keep cool under pressure?

B.B.: You have to work hard in practice. If you have confidence when you're practicing, then you have confidence in competition, because you say to yourself, "Well, I do it every day at home, so I should be able to do it here."

A.K.: Do you eat junk food when you're not training?

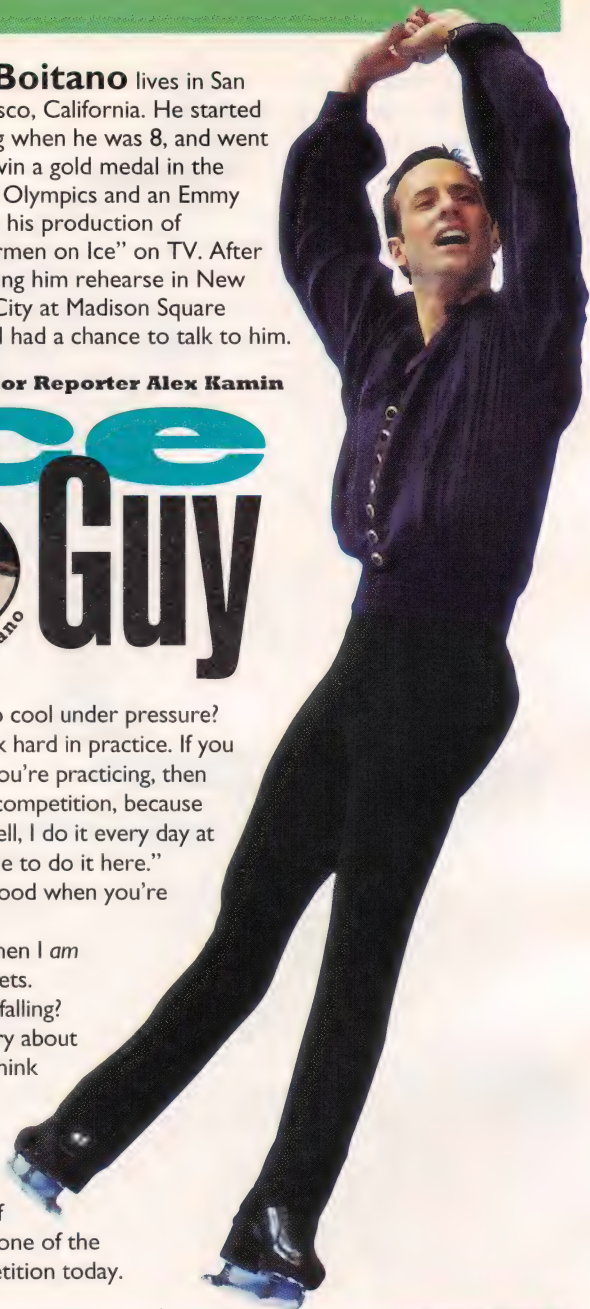
B.B.: I eat junk food when I *am* training! I really like sweets.

A.K.: Are you afraid of falling?

B.B.: I sometimes worry about falling. But I try not to think about the bad things.

A.K.: What's the hardest move for you?

B.B.: The triple axel, which is three and a half rotations in the air. It's one of the hardest stunts in competition today.



Ice Girl

Oksana Baiul

practically lives on the ice. But when D.A. caught up with the Ukrainian Olympic gold-medalist before a practice session, we found out that skating isn't the only thing on her mind.

D.A.: What else would you like to be really good at?

O.B.: All different things! One day, I want to be a really good cook. Then one day, I think I would like to act. [Laughing] Maybe I better stick to skating for now! Other days, my friends and I joke about playing ice hockey and I think, *OK, today I'll be a hockey player.*

D.A.: Do you have any surprise talents?

O.B.: My friend Viktor Petrenko [another Ukrainian gold-medalist skater] taught me how to play pool. So when I see people who are good playing, I say, "Oh, let me play!" Then I shock them because I sink all the balls!

—Christine Donnelly

You can watch Oksana Baiul and Brian Boitano perform in "Skating Romance," a TV special that airs February 22 on the USA Network. Check local listings.

Oksana's Faves

Music: "Madonna. I love her music so much, I put one of her songs ['La Isla Bonita'] into my skating program."

Movie: "Clueless. I like Alicia Silverstone."

TV show: "'Beverly Hills, 90210.' Kelly is my favorite."

Junk food: "I don't really eat junk food....OK, maybe a Snickers every once in a while!"



Ready, Set, Snowshoe!

As sports go, snowshoe racing is definitely in the weird zone.

Maybe it's the gear: Wet-suit-like material stretched between 8-inch-wide by 25-inch-long snowshoes that look like rejects from *Waterworld*.

Still, the sport is just what it sounds like:

Participants race long distances wearing snowshoes.

Races are usually over snow, but not always!

"Snowshoeing is similar to running, but much more difficult," says Tom

Sobal, a world-class snowshoer from Leadville, Colorado. D.A. asked Tom for a rundown of the wildest races around.

The longest: The Iditashoe. "This race across Alaska was 100 miles when I did it in 1991. You have to carry all your food, emergency gear, and a stove to melt snow. I pulled all that behind me on a sled that weighed 30 pounds. I didn't sleep through the whole thing and finished in a little less than 24 hours."

The steepest: The Mount Elbert Ascent. "You race from Twin Lakes, Colorado, which is at an elevation of 9,000 feet, to 14,433-foot Mount Elbert in the Rocky Mountains—and then back down. It's about 15 miles."

The sandiest: The Extreme Heat. "This race goes up and down the dunes at the Great Sand Dunes National Monument in Colorado. The dunes are as high as 700 feet. The sand temperature is 120 to 150 degrees in the afternoon."

The most fun: "Whichever race I'm doing next!"

—Sheila De La Rosa

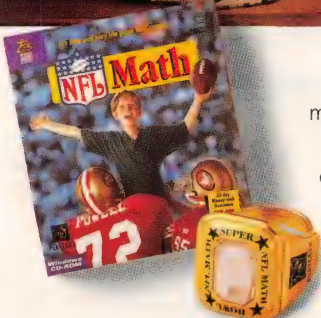


Snowshoeing: Picture a slow-mo replay of a track star running in swim fins!



What are you
doing in there?

My homework.



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KKDD-AM, Las Vegas, 1400
KBEA-AM, Kansas City, 1480
WDOZ-AM, Detroit, 1310
WSYW-AM, Indianapolis, 810
TBA, Philadelphia

Adventures

COMICS ZONE



WELCOME TO THIS MONTH'S COMICS ZONE

Things to do in the new year: answer my mail sooner; keep my sock drawer sorted by color; find some cool new comics for the Zone; buy my cat some catnip; avoid meat loaf.

In this month's comics, **Bonkers** and **Lucky** go on a movie set to solve a murder mystery in "Murder Mania." Also, the *DuckTales* gang is back with "Uncensored Scrooge." **Scrooge McDuck**, the world's richest duck, is one of my all-time favorite characters; it's good to have him back!

BONKERS

in "Murder Mania," Part I.....PAGE 50

DUCKTALES

in "Uncensored Scrooge".....PAGE 60

JUNIOR COMICS ZONE

"The Ankle Biters".....PAGE 76

Let me know what you think.
Write to me:

Heidi MacDonald
DISNEY ADVENTURES
114 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10011-5690
or
E-mail: ComixAce@AOL.COM

Heidi



Bankers

"MURDER MANIA" PART ONE "BROTHERS IN HARMS"

IT ALL STARTED ONE MORNING, A MORNING LIKE EVERY OTHER MORNING...

... ALMOST...

OH BOY, OH BOY! I GET TO MEET THE MANIA BROTHERS! OH, LUCKY, THEY'RE MY IDOLS! THEY'RE THE FUNNIEST COMEDY TEAM IN MOVIES TODAY!

* SIGH* I HEAR THEY'RE ABSOLUTE LOONS. CRAZY PEOPLE ARE BAD ENOUGH, BUT CRAZY TOONS? I DUNNO...

AW, C'MON, LUCKY, WE'LL HAVE FUN! THESE GUYS ARE A BARREL OF LAUGHS, A PARTY IN ONE PACKAGE--

-- A PAIN IN THE NECK IF THEY'RE AS NUTS AS YOU SAY.

HONK HONK

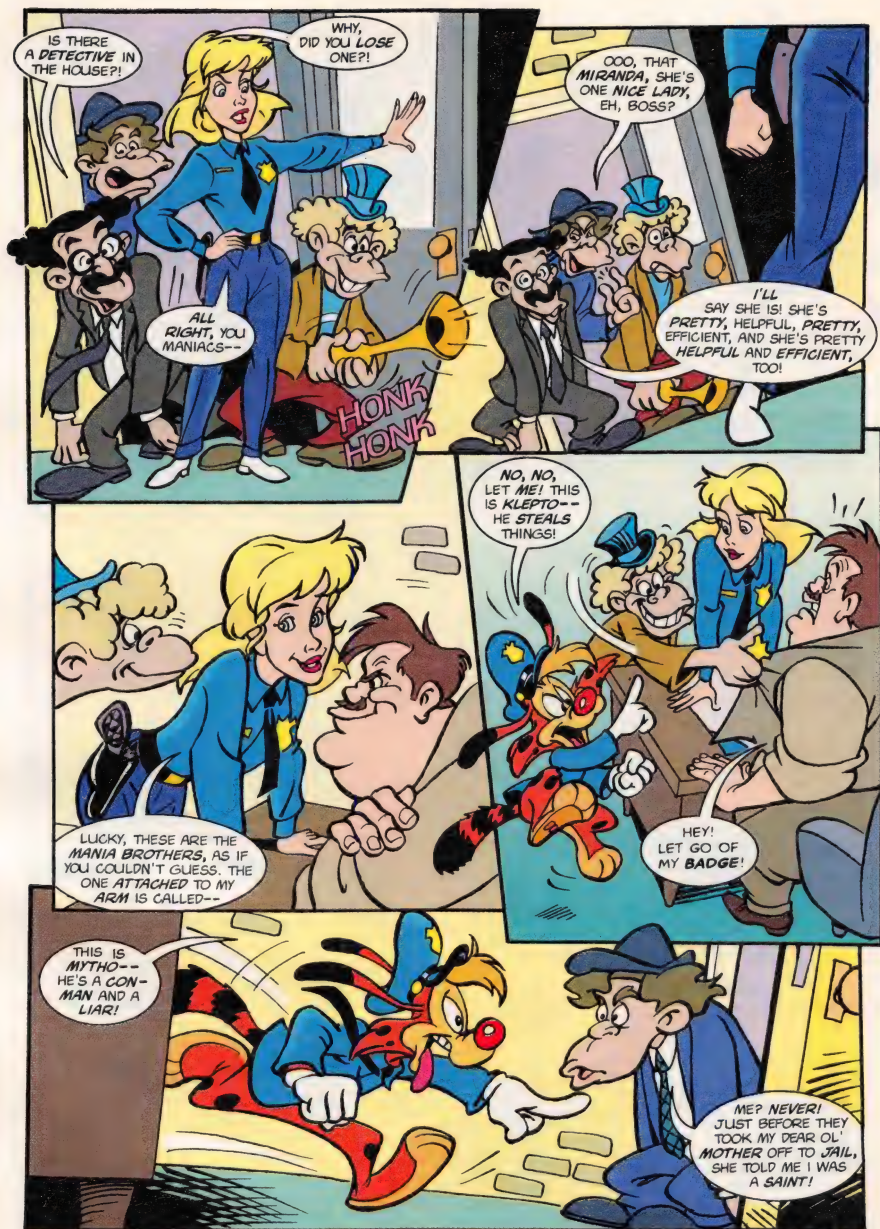
OKAY, STOP THAT, BUSTER, OR I'LL--

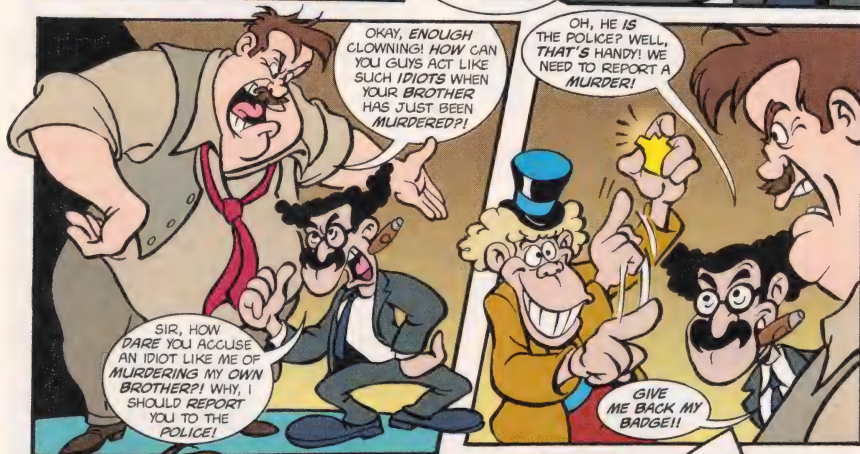
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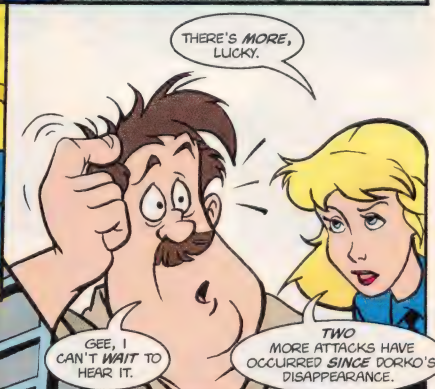
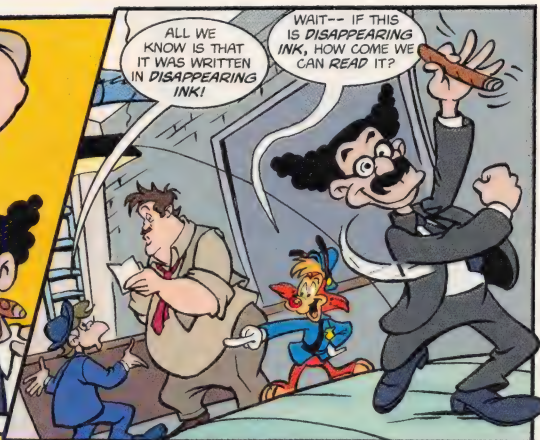
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Lucky Piquel
Detective
Bonkers D.
Bobcat

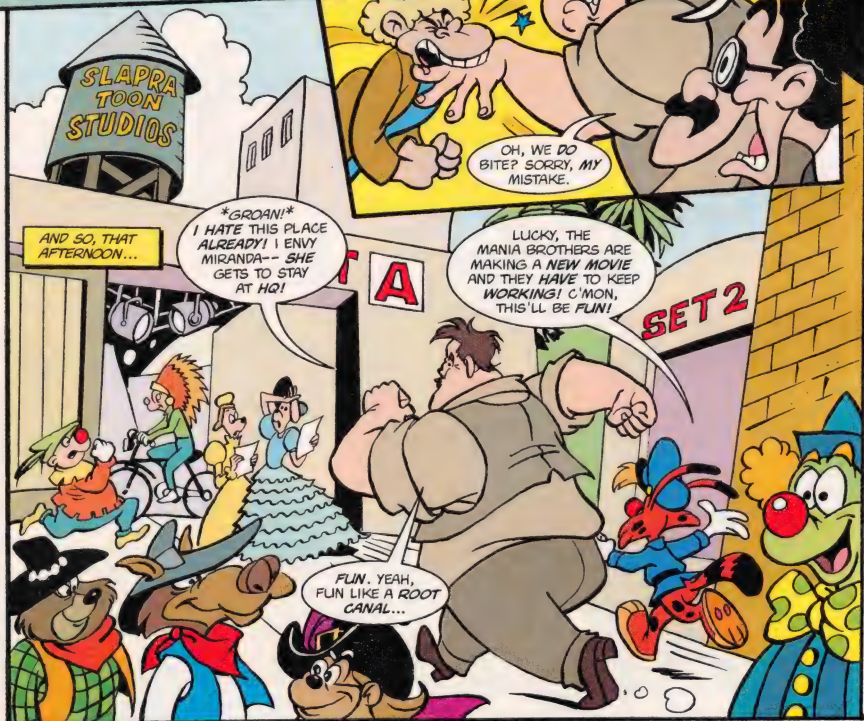
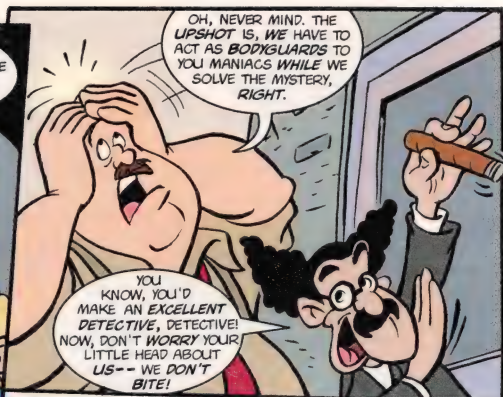
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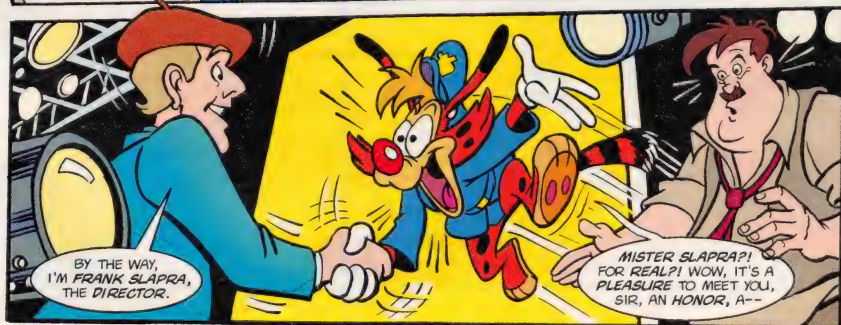
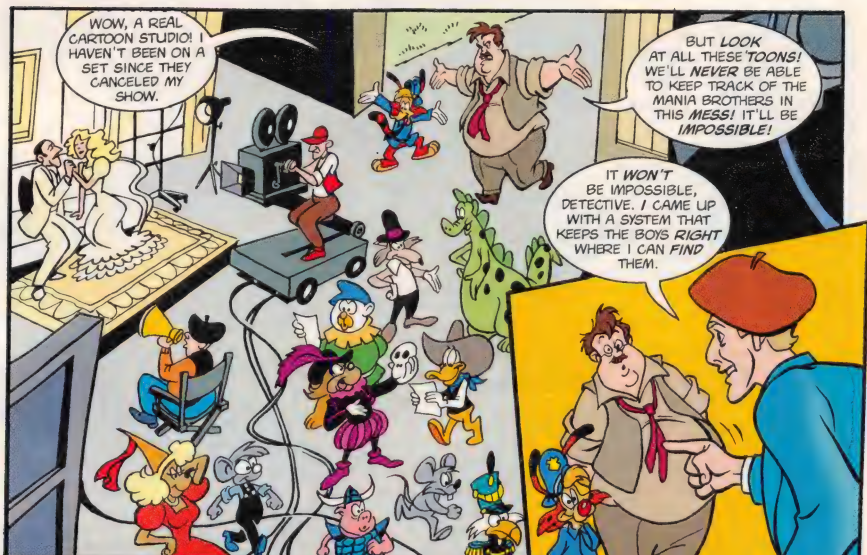
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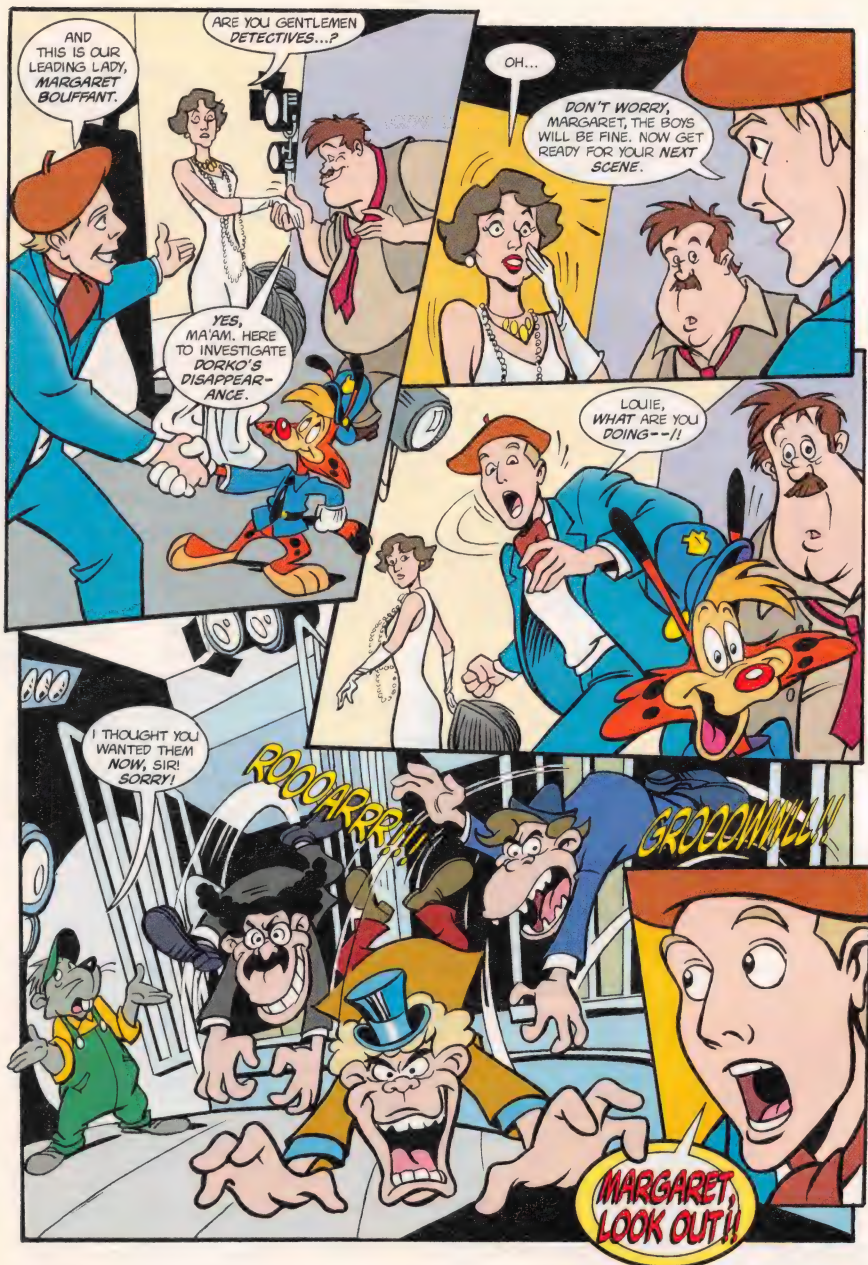


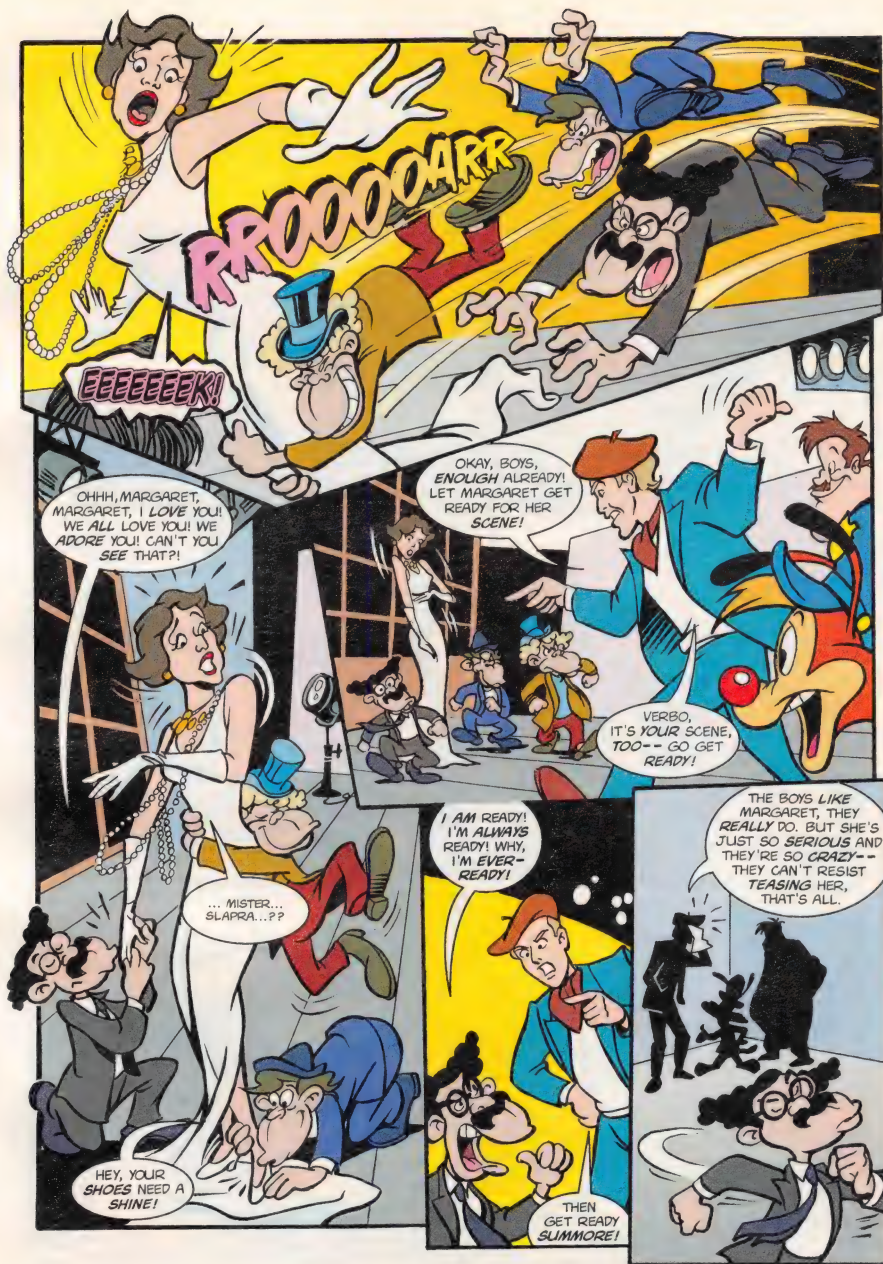




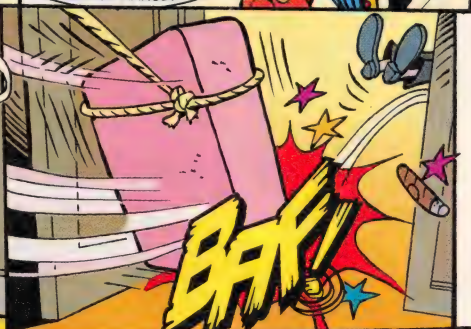
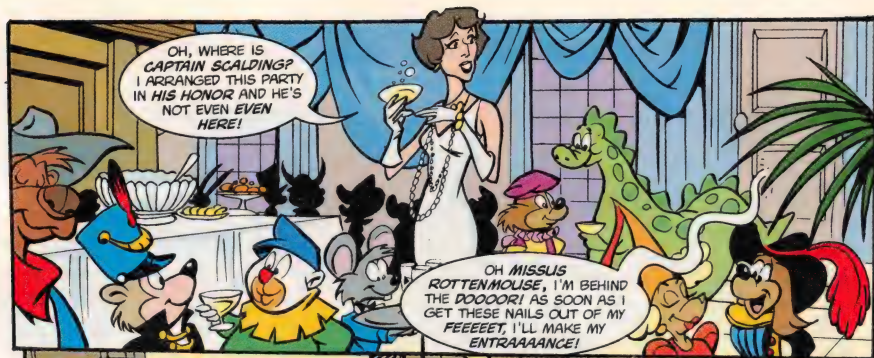




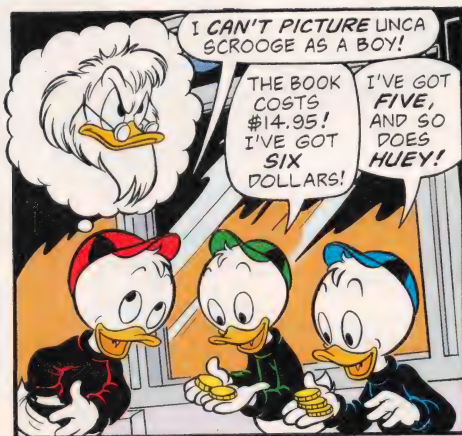
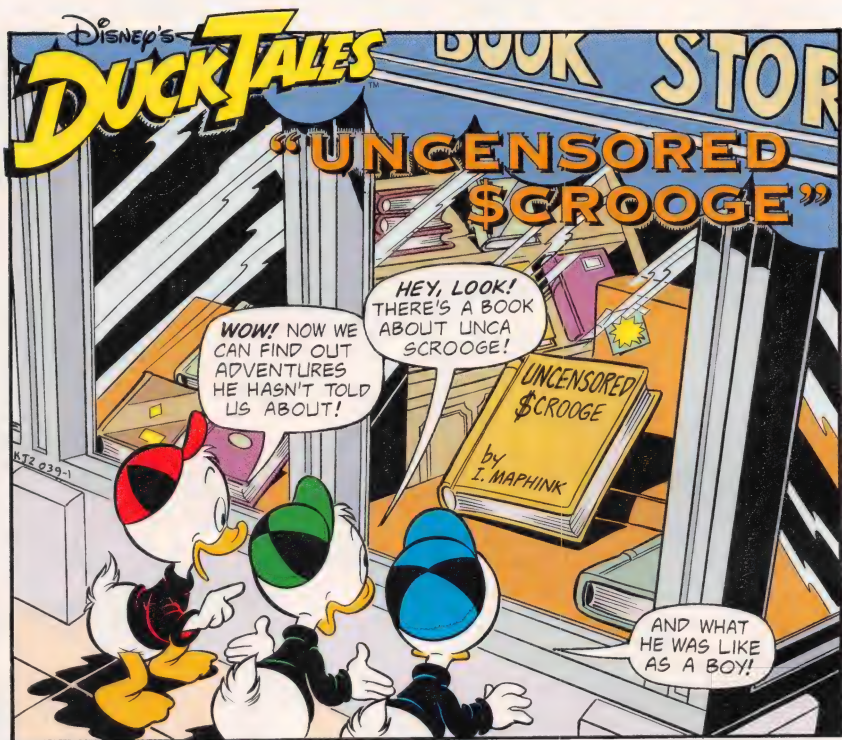




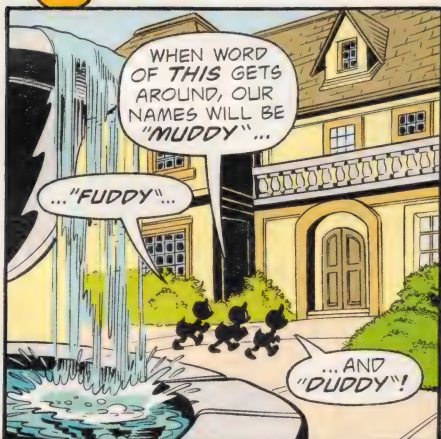
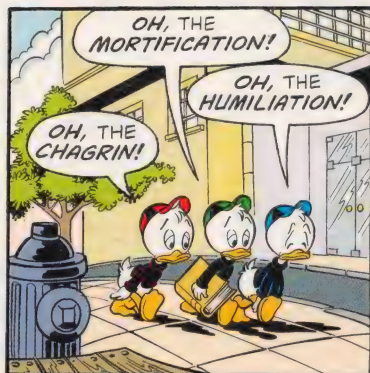
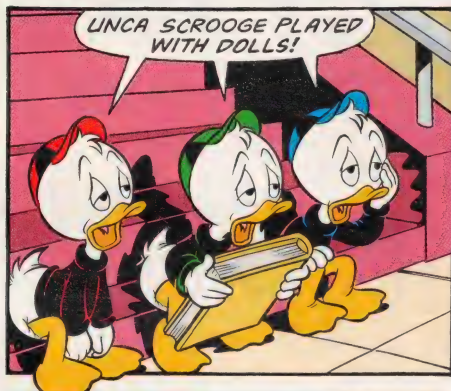
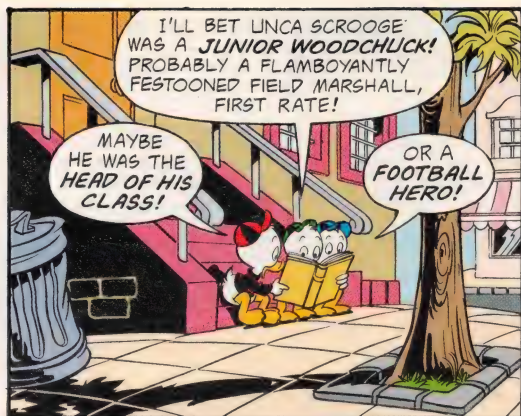


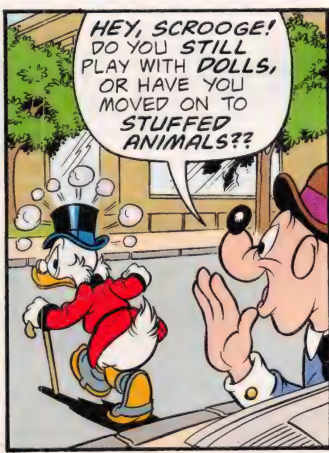
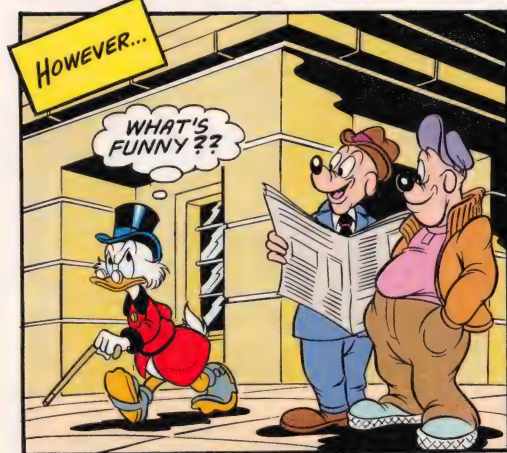
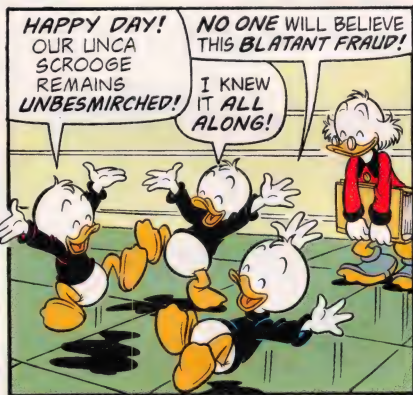
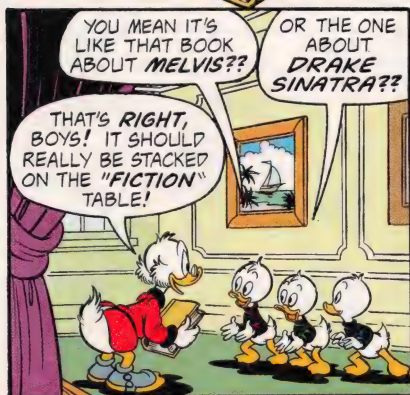
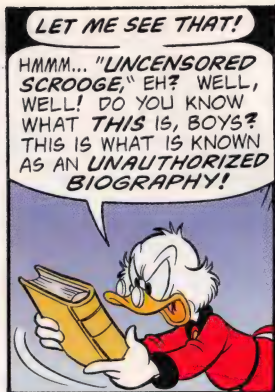
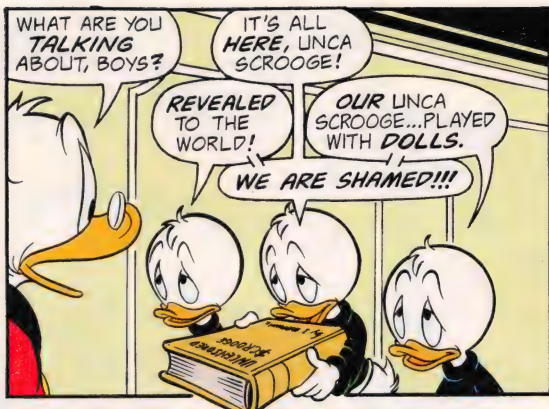


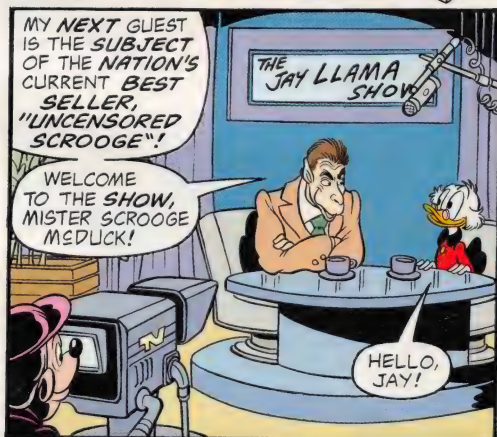
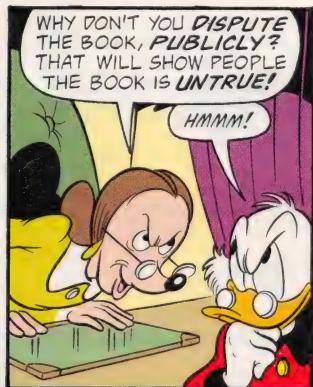
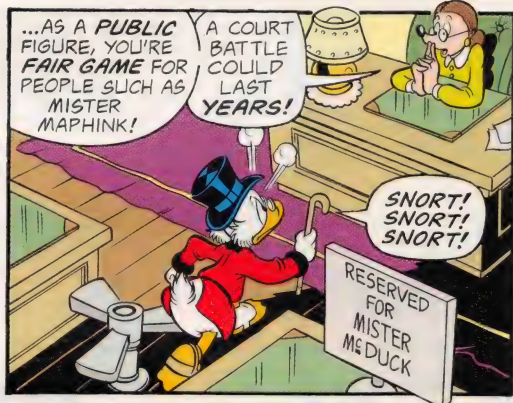
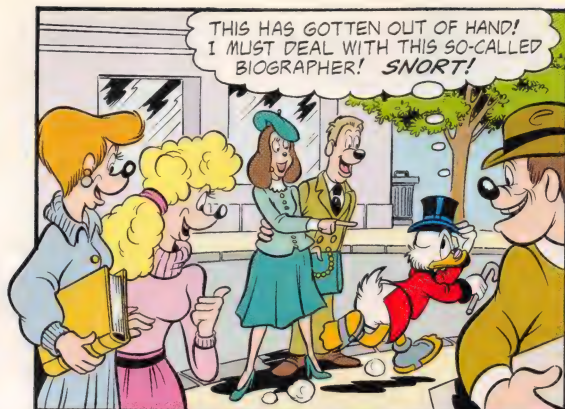
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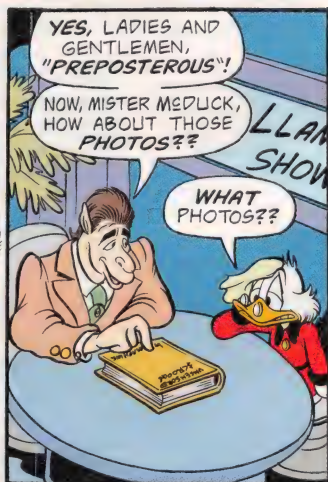
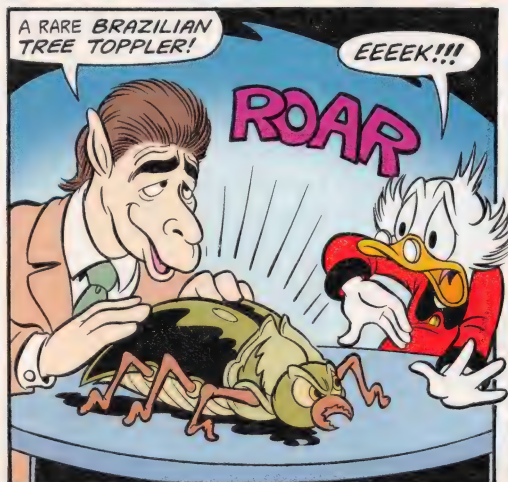
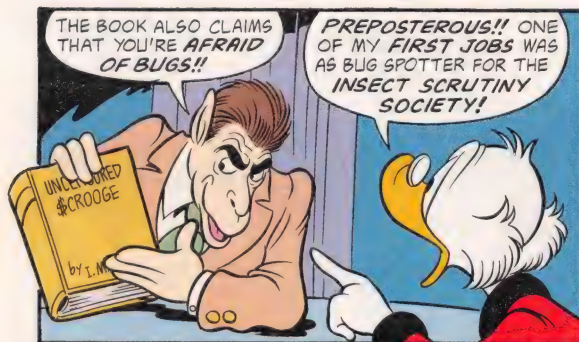
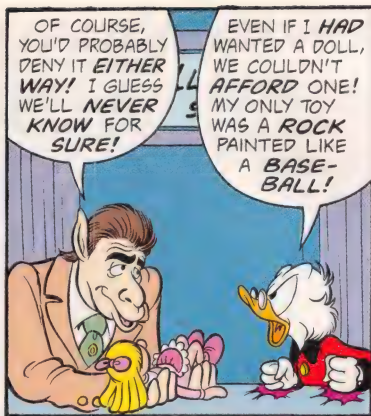
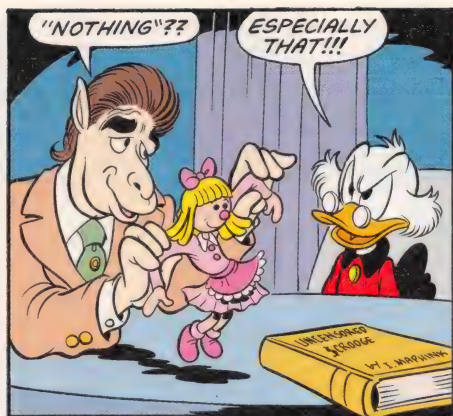


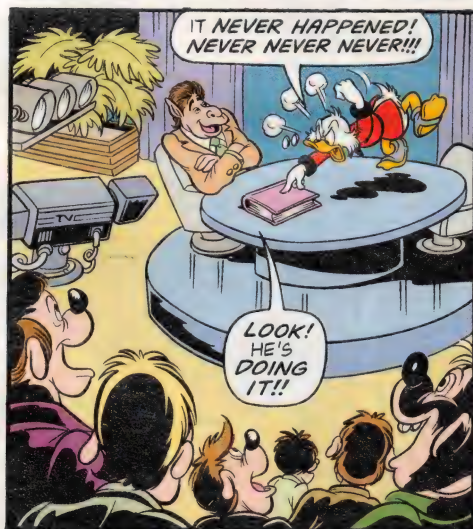
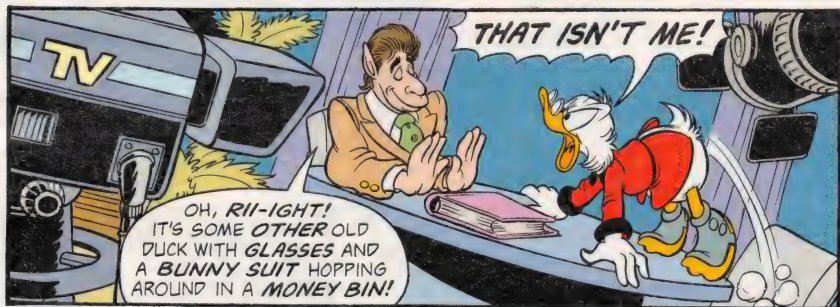
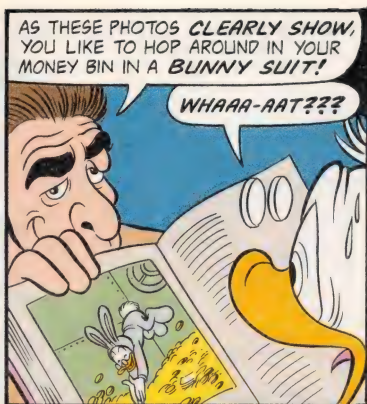
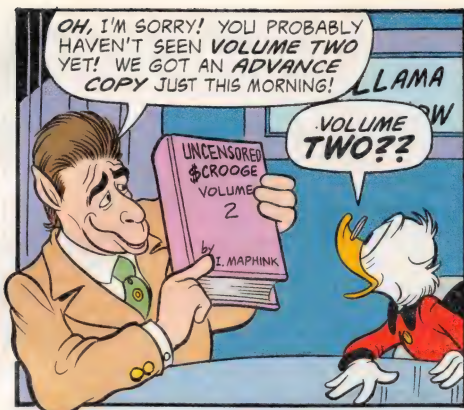
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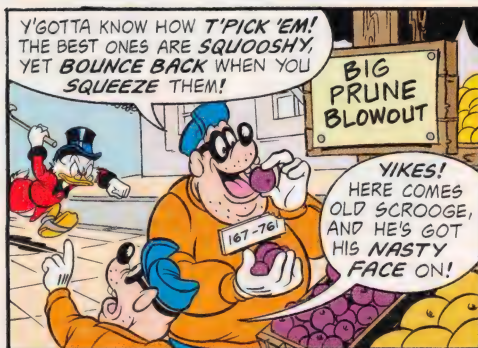
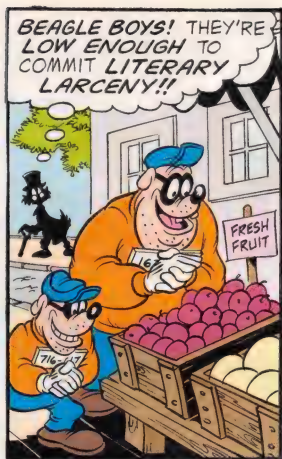
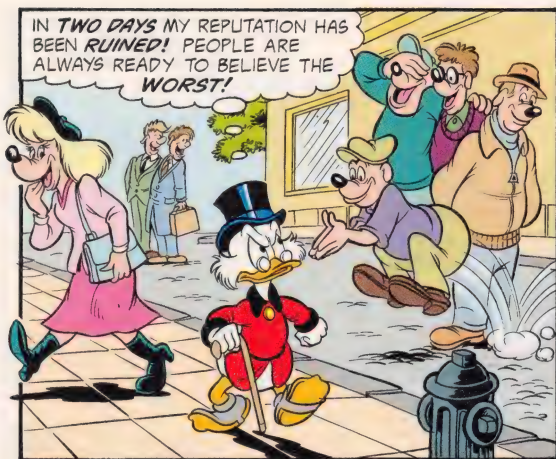


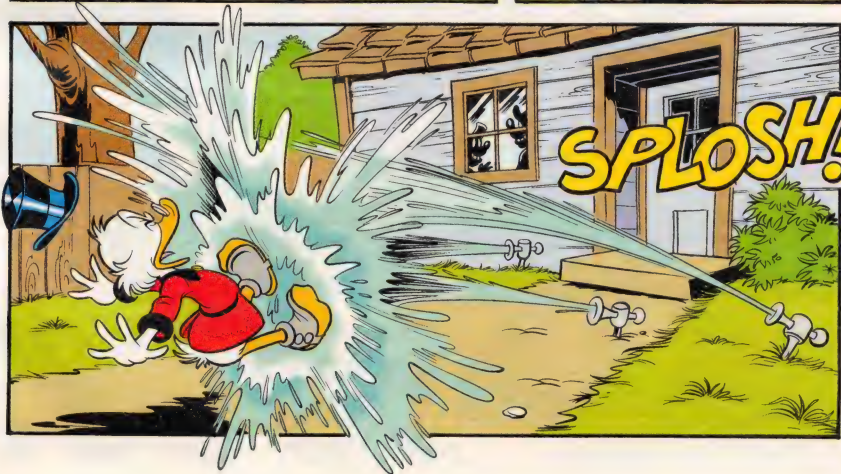
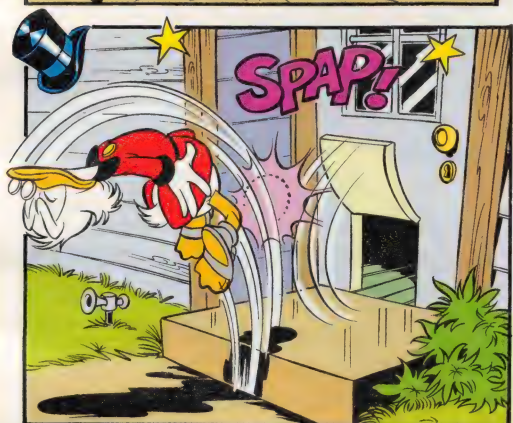
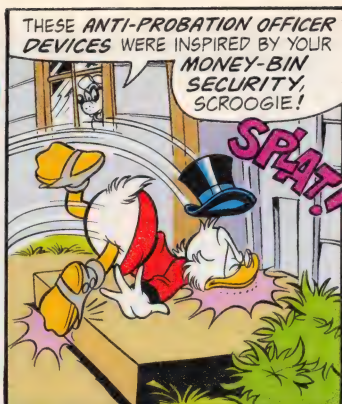
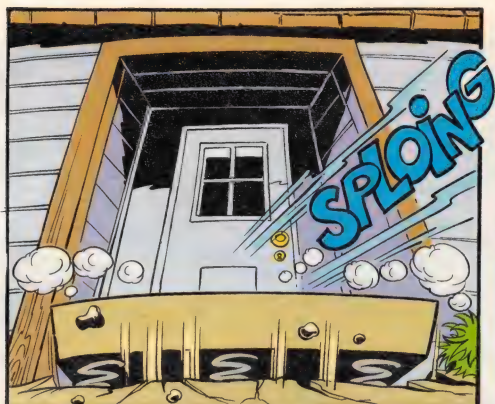


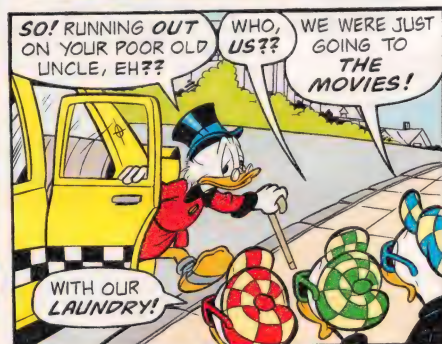
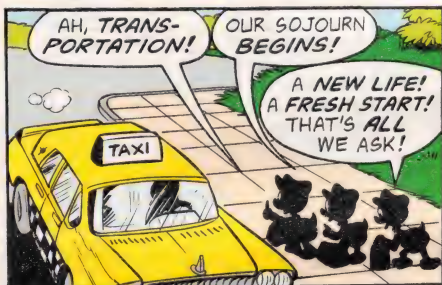
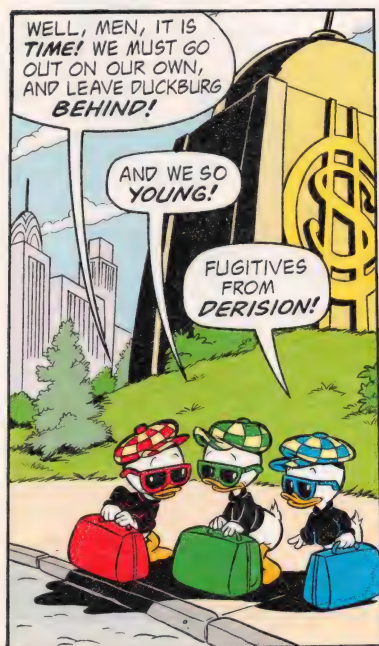
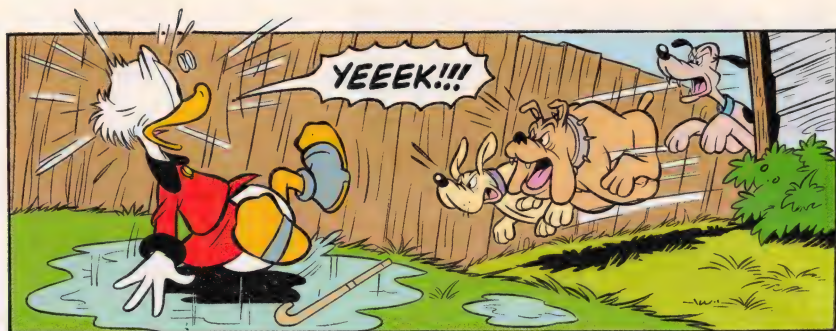


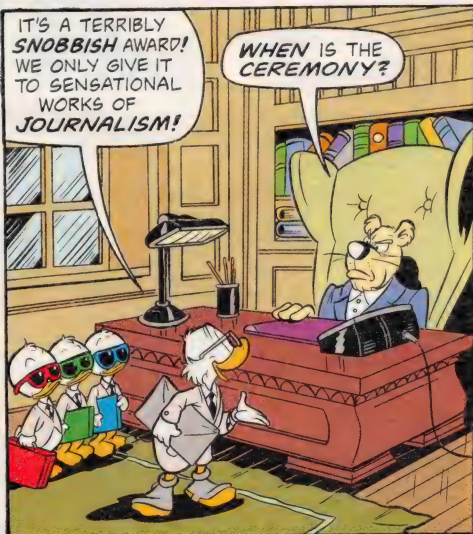
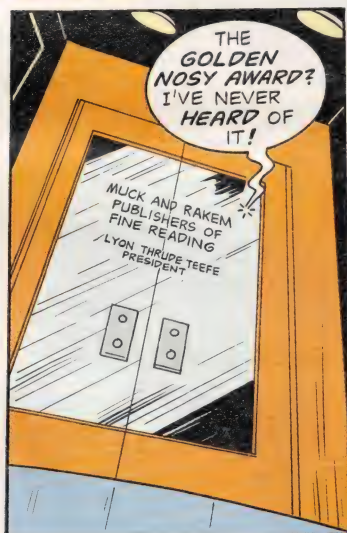
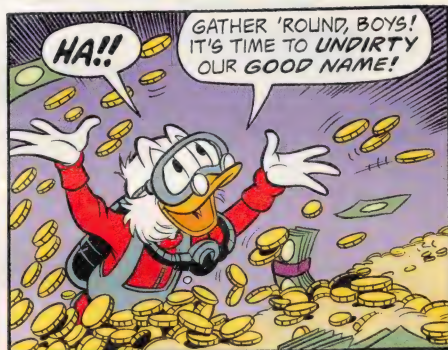
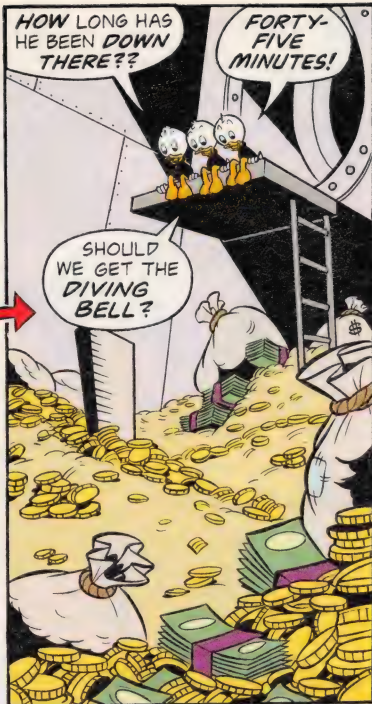


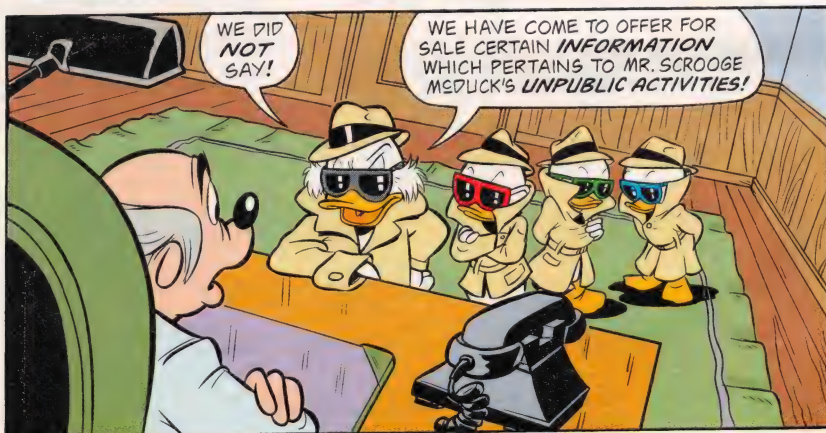
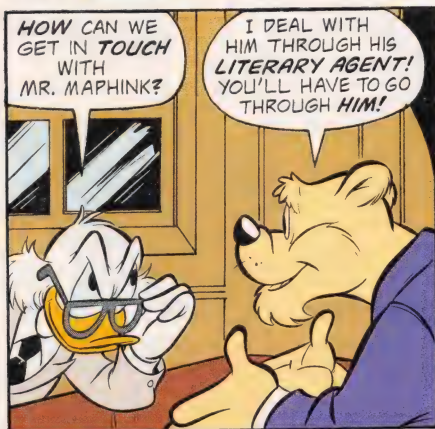
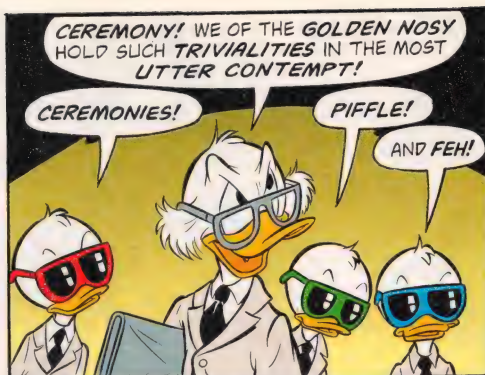


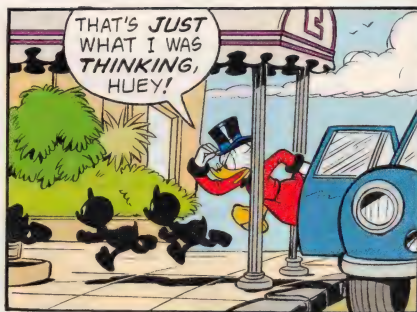
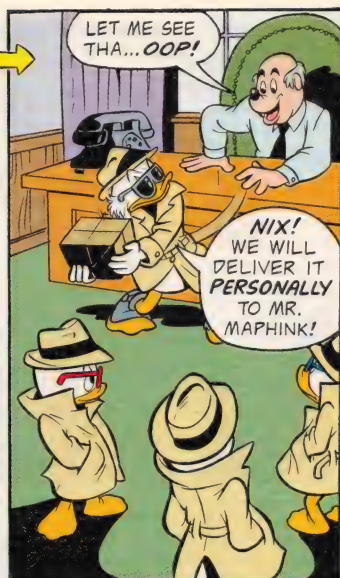
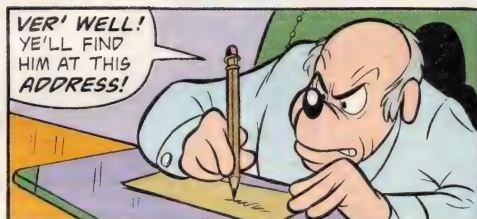
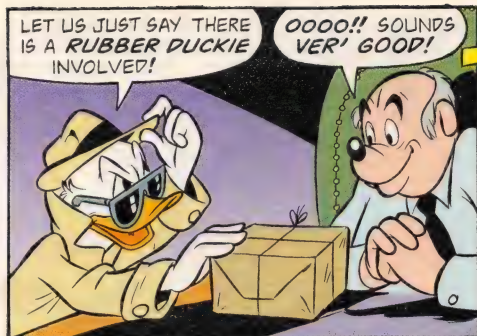


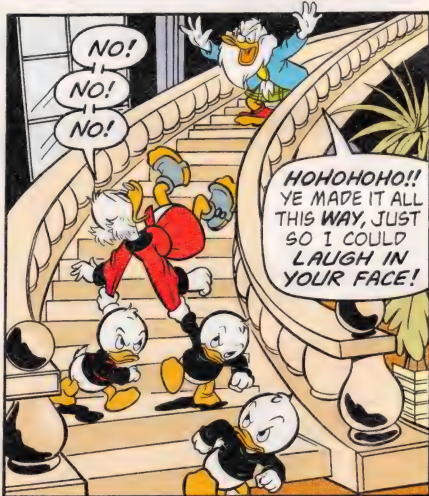
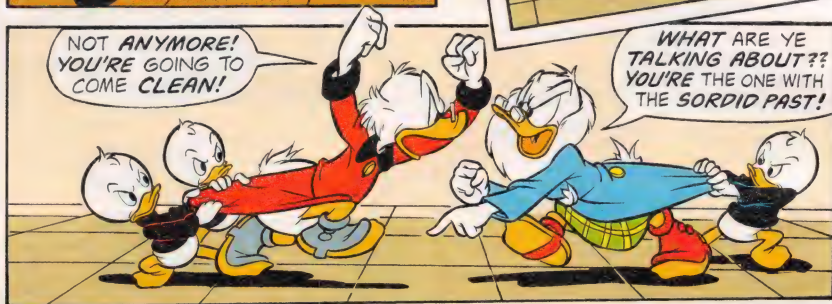
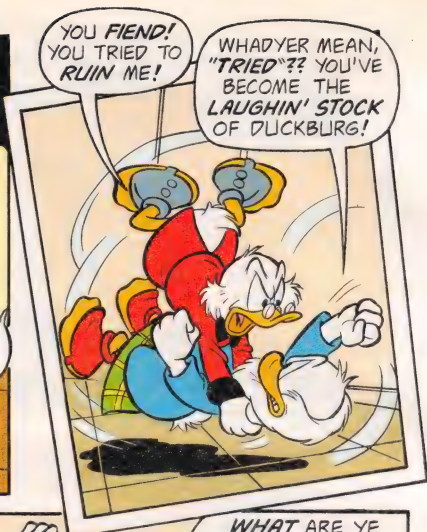
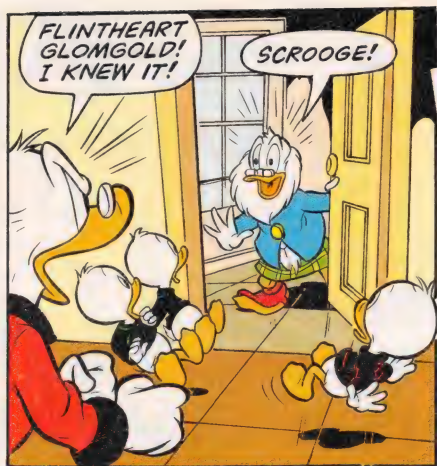


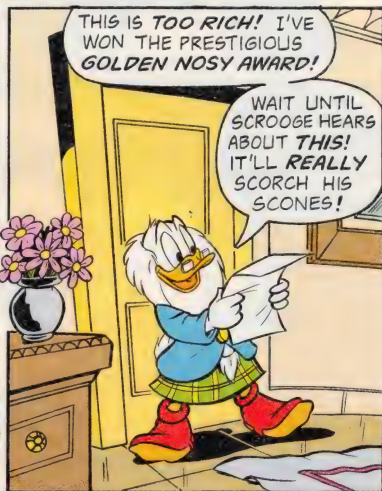
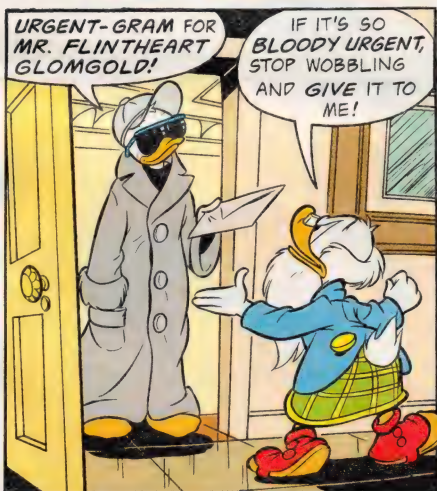
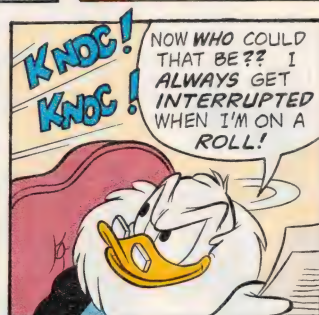


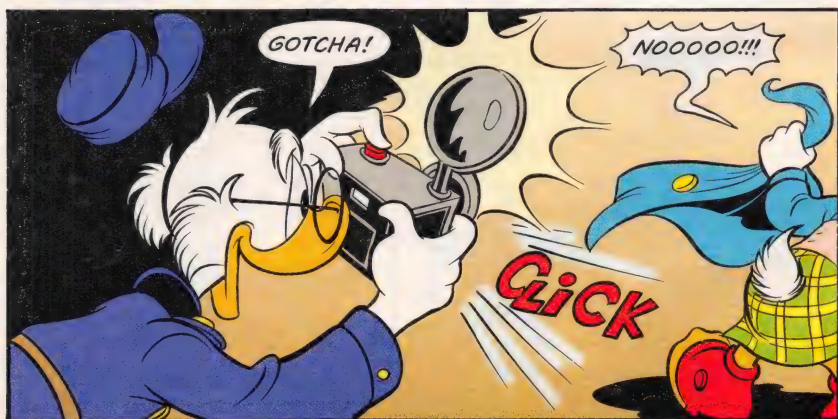
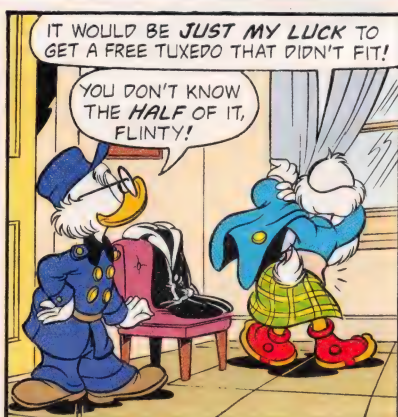
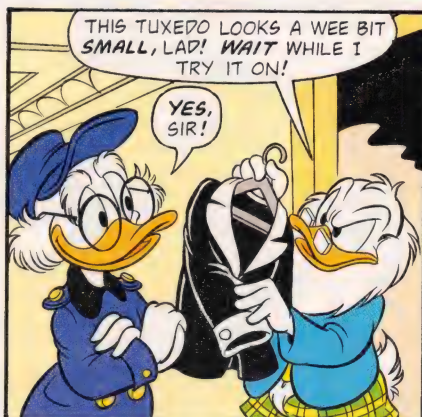
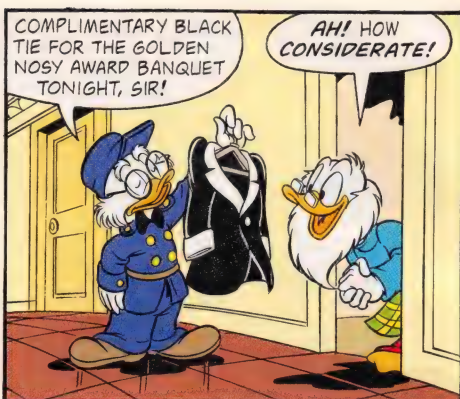














END

Wow!

This is **Gregory Benton**, D.A.'s kooky Junior Comics editor, introducing the **Junior Comics Zone**, a special section featuring comics drawn by you!

DISNEY ADVENTURES will feature a different one-page comic **each month**, and yours could be one of them!

Let me sit
down to
lunch with
your great
comic!

So... what are
you waiting for?
Let's go!

The Rules:

Open to readers ages 7-14. All submissions **must** state your name and age and **must** include a self-addressed, stamped envelope in order to be considered for the Junior Comics Zone. All comics **must** be no longer than one page and **must** fit on an 8 1/2" x 11" page. Selection of comics will be at the sole discretion of the editors. Comics selected may be revised prior to publication. If your comic is selected, you will be contacted by mail. All entries become the property of **DISNEY ADVENTURES** magazine and may not be returned.

Send all comics to:

Junior Comics Zone
DISNEY ADVENTURES
P.O. Box 861
New York, NY 10113-0861

Welcome to the page that **you** write and draw. This month's Junior Cartoonist is **Melissa Raabe**, 14, of Rudolph, Wisconsin. Keep those comics coming in!

Greg

THE ANKLE BITERS

IN
What's for Lunch?

YOU'RE LUCKY.
YOU GOT YOUR
LUNCH FRESH FROM
THE FRIDGE.

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
YOURS? IS IT
SPOILED?

WELL, THIS MAY LOOK LIKE AN ORDINARY
PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH, BUT WHO
KNOWS WHAT VICIOUS FUNGUS IS GROWING
IN THIS DISCOLORED PEANUT BUTTER!

EW!

AND THEN THERE'S MY WARM FRUIT CUP...
OR SO IT SEEMS... HEY THE FRUIT JUST
JIGGLED... IT'S TRANSFORMING INTO A
BLOB... IT'S ALIVE! I KNEW I LET
THIS STUFF SIT OUT TOO LONG!

I'VE LOST
MY APPETITE!!

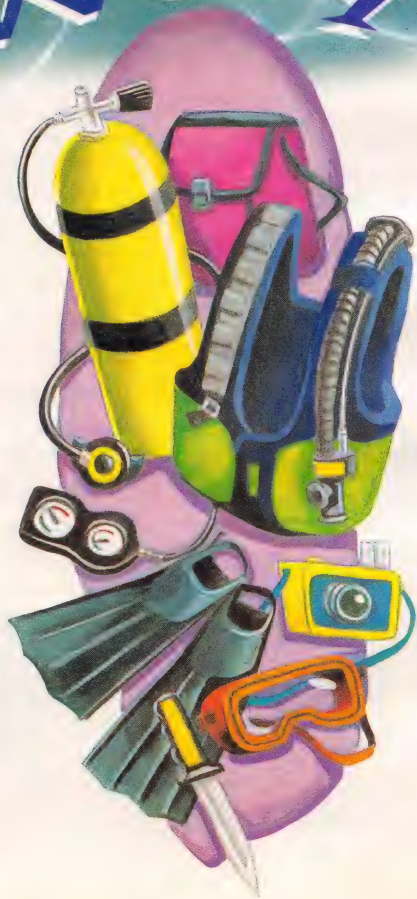
MELISSA

THE
END!

Torpedoes Away

By
Dafydd
ab Hugh

If you live
underwater,
beware of
sharks!





My dad and I stood eyeball to eyeball, glaring at each other.

"Diana, I don't want you and your brother to go outside right now," my father said. "It could be dangerous."

I hated it when he called me by my given name, instead of Diva, which everyone else calls me. But I refused to let it distract me. A principle was at stake!

"What are we supposed to do, Dad? Stay home all day watching the walls sweat?" That was a low blow, but I didn't care. I'd been cooped up all day; if I didn't get out, I'd go insane.

"The walls aren't sweating anymore," my dad said, annoyed. "Anyway, it was just a *slight* leak." Of course, even a slight leak is a problem when you live 200 feet below the surface of the Pacific Ocean. I stared out the porthole into the dark-blue depths, remembering how the bulkhead seals cracked during the seaquake a couple of weeks before. My dad—Dr. Jack Grieshan, oceothermal engineer and, incidentally, base safety officer that week—personally bossed the crew that fixed the damage.

Maybe that explained his extreme nervousness about our safety.

He tried again. "Anyway, it's almost dinnertime. You and Jack wouldn't have time for much of a swim."

My little brother, Jayjay (Jack Jr.), spoke up in his most irritatingly logical voice. "Surely you can't expect a 13-year-old and a 10-year-old to stay locked up all day when the whole Pacific Ocean beckons?"

Jayjay was stretching it a bit. Ocean Base II, otherwise known as Obie II and our home for the past year, is not technically the whole Pacific Ocean.

I could see Dad's point: Obie II was still being built, and an underwater construction site *can* be dangerous. But we had to stop Dad from making a final decision before Mom got home. She was more open to us kids having a little adventure, so long as we refilled our own air tanks and didn't track seawater on her carpet.

Jayjay's voice of reason worked. Dad said, "Hmmm," and thought for a few moments, hunting for a logical response. This saved us, because just then,

Mom came home from the electrolysis plant that turns seawater into Obie II's air supply.

**It could
be
dangerous!**

"Oh, Jack," she said to my father, "Diva's old enough to be responsible for Jayjay. And they've both been checked out on the scuba gear. Why, Diva has more hours than you!" I smiled at her, as grateful to her for calling me Diva as I was for backing me up.

Mom sat next to Dad and put her arm around him. "Besides, it would be nice to have the place all to ourselves for a while. Wouldn't it?"

Ten minutes later, we were doing the SEABAG check on each other's scuba gear: **S**ignals, for underwater communication; **E**mergency procedures; **A**ctivity

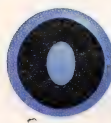
limits; checking our **B**uoyancy so we wouldn't rocket to the surface or sink into the mud; checking our **A**ir pressure; and the rest of our **G**ear—dive knife, compass, camera, and sample bags for fossils and such.

We sat in the pressure chamber while it slowly increased the air pressure from two atmospheres (Obie normal) to almost seven atmospheres (the pressure in the water outside). I held my nose and blew every few seconds, equalizing the pressure in my ears. When the chamber finished, we slipped into the waterlock, ducked, and dived into the cold, dark ocean.



We cleared the lowest point of the hull, and we were free!

I made sure Jayjay stayed close—he is some sort of boy genius but still tends to act his age sometimes. We looped one of Obie's pylon legs, then set out across the shelf.

 Obie II sat on a shelf overlooking a sheer drop of 8,000 feet: the Mariana Trench, 1,000 miles south of Tokyo. We couldn't swim that deep, of course; but it was fun to sail across the shelf like birds flying over a cliff and see the ocean floor suddenly plunge away into blue-black darkness.

We dropped 28 feet down the cliffside, keeping an eye on our air pressure; the deeper you go, the faster you suck air. I started getting chilly but Jayjay was having fun, so I didn't say anything.

Then he grabbed my arm and pointed his flashlight at the wall of the underwater cliff, excited. I stared for half a minute; then I saw the fossil.

A chipped piece of rock showed the fossilized skeleton of some small lizard; it had four legs and no fins, so it was a land animal, not a fish.

Jayjay always goes crazy for fossils. I think he wants to be an archaeologist so he can study them day and night, taking only a short



break now and then to eat a shark-burger. I can't see it, myself; but marine biology—now *that's* exciting!

Jayjay blew some air from his buoyancy compensator vest and sank a few feet down the side of the cliff. We found another piece of fossil, then another.

Pretty soon, I started to get worried. I was keeping one eye on my air, one on Jayjay, one on the depth gauge (242 feet), and one eye out for dangerous wildlife—which added up to more eyes than I actually had. Something had to give; naturally, it was number four.

I turned to get Jayjay's attention to tell him we'd better start slugging back for Obie...and found myself nose to nose with a great white shark instead.

I half-screamed, spitting a load of bubbles through my regulator—which saved me from becoming shark appetizer. The great white didn't like the bubble swarm and veered off, snapping at the bubbles instead of me.

The thrashing shark smacked me with its tail, ripping the regulator out of my mouth. Careful not to hold my breath—the air in your lungs can expand and rupture a blood vessel!—I tilted to the side and found my regulator hose. Then I shoved my brother sideways, and we swam for all we were worth!

We didn't get far. The shark suddenly loomed out of the gloom and swam directly toward Jayjay, its gigantic mouth open like a submarine torpedo with teeth. Something else caught my eye... a cave! I dragged Jayjay backward, dolphin-kicking like never before. We barely made the cave, and again the shark got nothing but a mouthful of seawater.

But now it was steamed. The shark cut back and shoved himself into the cave after us. We backed up farther and farther, then hit the back wall. By good luck, the cave narrowed so much that Sharky couldn't squeeze quite as far back as could a pair of frightened kids.



Or maybe it wasn't so lucky. I looked at my air gauge and saw I was already at the safety-return point, 200 pounds of air left. And with that mouthful of razor-sharp teeth swimming just outside, we may as well have been a thousand miles from Ocean Base II.

Scared or not, I had to think of something quick. Jayjay and I looked back and forth, shrugging. If it weren't for the fact that we'd be sucking seawater in just a few more minutes, it would've been comical.

Jayjay may be a boy genius, but his smarts are all book smarts. He's just not levelheaded; he's only 10, for goodness' sake! As the mature, responsible, 13-year-old, it was up to Diva Grieshan, girl ordinary, to think us out of this mess. Suddenly, a wild, unlikely scheme popped into my head. The only drawback was that I didn't particularly like the idea of using my brother as shark bait.

But I had no choice; Jayjay simply didn't have enough strength to snap off a J-valve.

I had a devil of a time making him understand what I wanted, then persuading him to do it once he understood. He had to swim to the

A mouthful of razor-sharp teeth was swimming just outside the cave.

open end of the tunnel, get the shark's attention, then swim to the back as if death itself was nipping at his heels.

(It would be.) A wild plan, but half a chance is better than no chance at all!

While he edged down the tunnel, I ripped open the Velcro straps of my backpack, shrugged it around to the front, and opened the latch that held my tank. I set the tank on the cave floor—the back end pointed forward—and jammed my dive knife so that it rested directly across the tank's J-valve, the main valve that connects the compressed air in the tank to my regulator, BC, pressure gauge, and everything else.

Then I stood as high as I could on the knife, pressing my shoulders against the roof. I was scared. This superhero stuff was for kids.

I waited, sweating the seconds, praying my little bro wasn't a mouthful of fish food by now.

Then I saw the light—Jayjay's flashlight! He was trucking back at high speed. And right on Jayjay's tail, practically gnawing his fins, was our hungry buddy.

I braced for impact. Jayjay crashed into me, and I grabbed his backpack and shoved him behind me.



The shark stuck in the narrow tunnel, and for a moment, staring into row upon row of jagged triangles, I panicked.

Fear lent me strength. I stomped down on the knife. Thank heavens the valve broke before the blade did!

I now had, sitting under my foot, one (1) aluminum tank filled with about two hundred (200) pounds of highly compressed air, with one (1) narrow hole at the neck where the J-valve used to be.

We have a technical name for that combination in the scuba biz: We call it a *torpedo*.

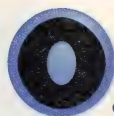
The helium-oxygen air mixture exploded out of the tank, knocking me backward. Fortunately, I had sense enough to spit the regulator out of my mouth, or I'd have donated some teeth to the adventure.

The tank-torpedo shot forward, slamming into the shark's nose. Blood and shattered teeth swirled around us, and I couldn't even see whether the monster was dead or had managed to limp away. It could still be alive somewhere; sharks are pretty tough.

I grabbed for Jayjay's spare regulator, and we booked for the cave entrance. Then I grabbed him to keep him from bolting up to the ledge, 38 feet above us.

It was the hardest thing I'd ever done, rising slowly at one foot per

second: Any faster was dangerous. I just *knew* the tank was going to run dry—and I could almost feel the shark chomping on my feet! But I held Jayjay back, and we made it up to the ledge more or less intact.



On the way back to Obie II, we *did* run the tank dry; we covered the final 30 feet exhaling the last breath slowly. Then we bobbed up into the waterlock, gasping and choking, sucking huge lungfuls.

Decompressing for 15 minutes in the pressure chamber allowed us to calm down and see the humorous side of the affair. Jayjay didn't want to tell Mom anything—or she'd never let us leave again—but we had to explain the loss of the tank somehow. We compromised: The tank “slipped out of the backpack” and disappeared down the trench, which was the truth, if not the whole truth.

So the adventure was a lesson for us both: Down here, 60 fathoms deep, there's no such thing as safe in your own backyard.

And from now on, we carry a shark stick...even for fossil hunting.



Video games, CD-ROMs, playing tips and more! ◀

QWIRKS

Attention, Tetris-heads:

Qwirks has arrived!

This new puzzle game (Windows/Macintosh) from Spectrum HoloByte gives a new twist to those crazy Tetris blocks—and it's *totally* addictive. Multicolored

blobs, called Qwirks, fall from the top of the screen. You move them left or right, rotate their position, and speed up their descent as you try to connect Qwirks of the same color. When four same-colored guys with cute little eyes link up, they explode and disappear—that's how you get points. But if you choke, the Qwirks pile up to the top of the screen and you lose.



MONOPOLY

Have you dreamed of playing **Monopoly** with your long-lost cousin in London, Paris, Berlin, or Cincinnati? Now you can, with the Monopoly CD-ROM (Windows/Macintosh) from Parker Brothers. You

can go head-to-head with players all over the world via the Internet. While you play in English and with dollars, they'll play in their own languages and with their own currencies—the game translates and converts the money! Even if you're just sitting at home playing with friends, this game, hosted by Rich Uncle Pennybags, will blow you away with its cool 3-D graphics, animation and sound. Watching pieces like the doggie and the race car come alive—well, it's like a wish come true. Of course, you still have to pass Go!

—Amy Reiter

—Amy Reiter



MES VIDEO GAMES VIDEO GAMES VIDEO GAMES VIDEO GAMES VIDEO

WWF WRESTLEMANIA: THE ARCADE GAME

DISNEY ADVENTURES 87

CYBER SPEEDWAY

Month!

To access any level in Earthworm Jim for Super NES: Press Start to pause. Press Left on the D-Pad and the A button. Release these. Then press: B, X, A, A, B, X, A, then Start. You'll get a Debug menu to choose any stage.

Justin Dimmitt, 13
Platte City, Missouri

—Jason R. Rich

Card Shark

First came Magic: The Gathering. Now Fleer and Upper Deck have released cool card sets to collect, trade and play! Rule the galaxy or the gridiron... just by playing your cards right.

Marvel OverPower (Fleer)

THE BASICS: Players do battle with five types of cards featuring Marvel's greatest characters.

- Hero cards tell you how powerful the character is.
- Power cards let you attack and defend.

- Universe cards are everyday objects used by the characters.
- Special Ability cards show the superhero's or villain's powers.
- Marvel Mission cards lead you on adventures.

YOUR MISSION: To knock out all your opponent's heroes



Beyond Magic: Marvel OverPower (top) and Gridiron Fantasy Football (above).



or be the first to complete a seven-card mission.

COMING SOON: DC Comics OverPower, out in March, will be compatible with the Marvel cards, so Spider-Man can battle Lex Luthor when Superman wants a break!

Gridiron Fantasy Football (Upper Deck)

PLAYERS: Two or more.

THE BASICS: It's the future; football reigns

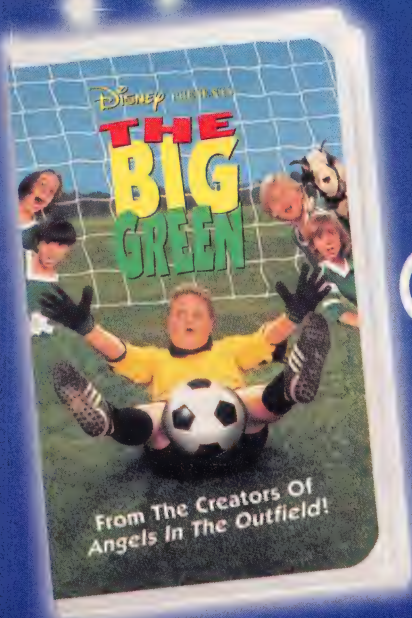
supreme and games are played nonstop in stadiums all over the world. Using a deck of team, action, and offense and defense cards, players follow the rules of football to defeat other teams.

YOUR MISSION: To build a champion team that will crush the competition.

COMING SOON: It's sports; there's gotta be an expansion team—uh, set—in the future.

What cards do you collect? Write to Card Shark, DISNEY ADVENTURES, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011-5690

Become Travel Thr Thrill To Again A



Own These 2 New
On Video



PG

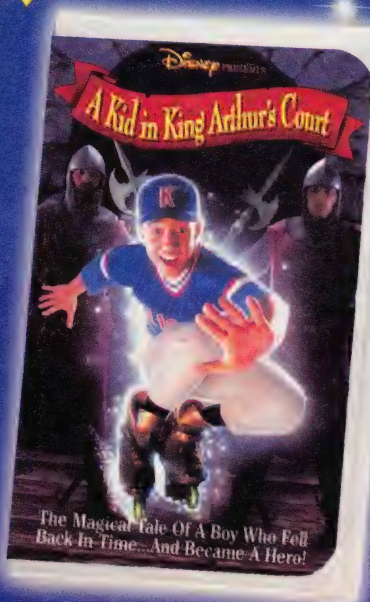


CC

Walt Disney Home Video distributed by Buena Vista Home Video

A Hero! Enough Time! Adventure and Again!

Disney Hits
January 31!

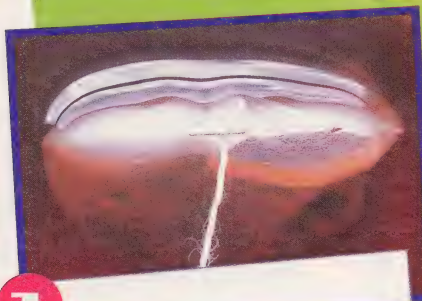


puzzles

.....● use your brain!

► eye bogglers

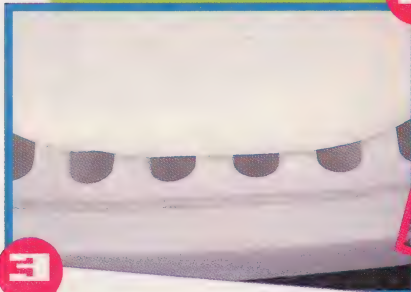
Can you recognize these common items this close up? Try to figure out what they are, and put your answers in the boxes.



1



2



3



4



5



6

ALTERED STATES

CAN YOU RECOGNIZE THESE STATES BY THEIR NICKNAMES? PUT THE NAMES OF THE STATES IN THE BOXES BELOW.

ACROSS:

- 1 LAND OF OPPORTUNITY
- 5 SUNSHINE STATE
- 6 GOPHER STATE

- 9 ALOHA STATE
- 12 YELLOWHAMMER STATE
- 14 LAND OF LINCOLN
- 15 CORNHUSKER STATE
- 16 BLUEGRASS STATE
- 17 WOLVERINE STATE



DOWN:

- 2 SUNFLOWER STATE
- 3 TREASURE STATE
- 4 EVERGREEN STATE
- 7 GARDEN STATE (2 words)

- 8 HOOSIER STATE
- 10 LAST FRONTIER
- 11 GEM STATE
- 13 SHOW ME STATE

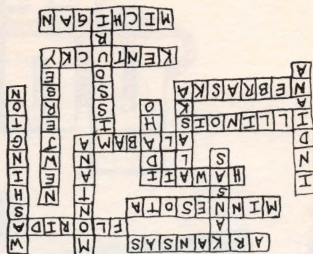
Can you find all the things wrong with this picture? We counted 15. Check 'em out.



Answers

1. The bin in the first window is filled with balls.
2. The public-address system is an old-time Victrola.
3. The "U.S. Postal Service" sign is written backward.
4. The guy at the counter is dressed in a fast-food uniform.
5. The clock goes up to 13.
6. The stamp machine requests "Inexact Change."
7. The stamp machine is giving out a sandwich.
8. There are "P.U. Boxes" to rent.
9. There's a man doing his laundry at the "P.U. Boxes."
10. There's an open manhole, with a "Men Working" sign.
11. The side of the middle counter is a refrigerator door.
12. The lady at the scale is weighing a fish.
13. The female letter carrier has a colander on her head.
14. The male letter carrier's cart has square wheels.
15. The man checking his watch has three arms.

POST OFFICE



ALTERED STATES

1. Tea bag
2. Baked potato
3. Soap dish
4. Six-pack of Coke bottles
5. Knife
6. Toothbrush holder

EYE BOGGERS

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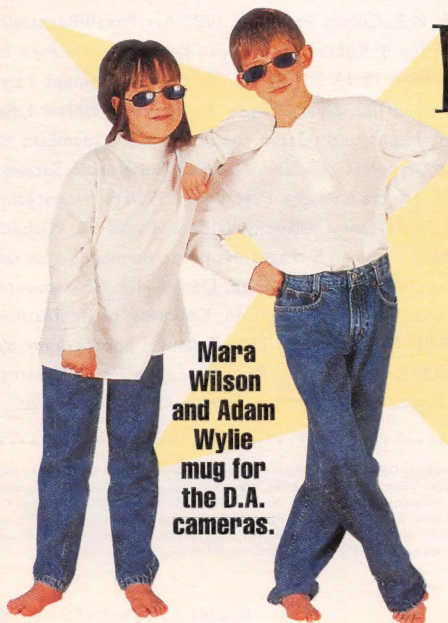
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Sean



Mara Wilson and Adam Wylie mug for the D.A. cameras.

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 a supersleuth!



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Whowonit?

Read the winning **Mystery Story Contest** entry and find out. All this and more, in our next great issue of D.A.!

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 the **kids** in
Hollywood!

Want to know what it's like to be JTT, Lacey Chabert, Christina Ricci or any other young Hollywood star? We talked to some of our favorites to find out.

Liz

Quinn give D.A. detective tips.

Quinn

**SO THERE I WAS
GOING TO A COOL PARTY AT
MY NEW SCHOOL...
AND I DIDN'T KNOW ANYBODY.
I MEAN I WAS SHAKIN'
IN MY SHOES!**



THIS GUY'S NERVOUS!



**I FELT LIKE I WAS FROM ANOTHER PLANET.
THEN THE CAP'N OF CONFIDENCE SHOWS UP
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**THANKS TO THAT
DELICIOUS CRUNCHBERRIES BLAST!**

**AND THE HELP OF CAP'N CRUNCH
I WAS READY TO PARTY!!**



**YOU MAY BE SWEATIN' IT
NOW, JUST BE YOURSELF
AND EVERYTHING'LL
BE COOL!**



**THANKS CAP'N.
NOW I'M READY FOR
SOME SERIOUS FUN!**

AND I DID.

**MADE A TON OF FRIENDS AND WE DANCED
OUR BRAINS OUT!**



**YOU AND THE CAP'N
MAKE IT HAPPEN!
CRUNCH!**



first law of surfing:



you're only as good as your board.

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